★ Mar. 1. 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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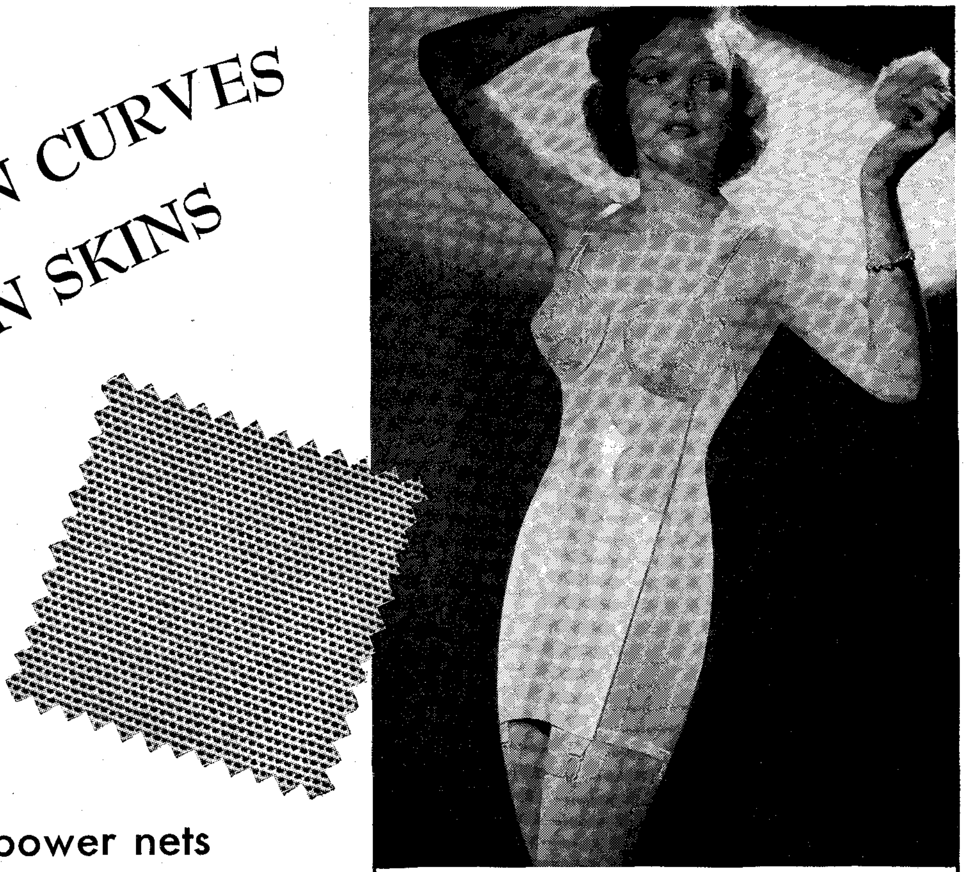

Above, *Carter's Complete No. F80, stressing the longer line for Spring, fashioned in rayon satin and "Drama" power net, made with "Lastex" yarn. Alençon lace bust.*

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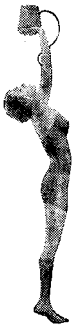

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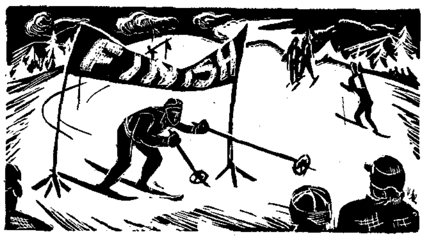

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is just about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Remarkable direction and a splendid performance by José Ferrer make this old relic something you're almost certain to enjoy. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-rate comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., March 2, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Flight to the West—A planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York debate the struggle against Fascism. Elmer Rice's play has its eloquent moments, although nothing much happens. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe are among those who appear in the Playwrights' second production of the season. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., March 1.)

George Washington Slept Here—George Kaufman and Moss Hart present a diverting explanation of what people who move to the country can expect. The superior cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—Mrs. North solves two murders and also puts the Homicide Squad in its place. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast in this excellent dramatization of a mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies is pleasant and civilized, though a bit thin in spots. Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Out of the Frying Pan—A high-spirited farce having to do with the problems confronting boys and girls who want to get on the stage. A little professional assistance might improve it, but it is pretty funny just the same. Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael help a lot. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Twelfth Night—If somebody really had to dig up this piece of work, Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans were probably the people to do it. Margaret Webster's direction contributes a great deal, too. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat. Wed., March 5, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund. Closes Sat., March 8.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Talley Method—A comedy by S. N. Behrman, with Ina Claire and Philip Merivale. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in a very engaging and handsome revue. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—Ethel Waters in an all-Negro musical fantasy which is fine, though occasionally a trifle elaborate. Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, Rex Ingram, and Katherine Dunham support her competently. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun. Closes Sat., March 8.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Olsen and Johnson and their private madhouse, which has become one of Broadway's oldest institutions. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, sponsored this skating show, which starts off by being very exciting and then gets somewhat tiresome. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence, skipping back and forth between her psychoanalyst's office and the dreamworld, is magnificent in Moss Hart's musical fantasy. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs, and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, Victor Mature, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a number of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A superior musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—The girls and the music in this Hollywood revue are both attractive enough, and you will probably have a pretty good time, even if a lot of it is familiar and some of it dull. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Pal Joey—Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and a few of his little playmates in this musical comedy based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some fine songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Brooklyn Biarritz—A play by Beatrice Alliot and Howard Newman. Opens Thurs., Feb. 27. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BALLET

The Ballet Theatre—This group, now in its second season, is presenting the following programs: "Capricioso," "Dark Elegies," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Swan Lake," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27. . . . "Billy the Kid," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Quintet," Fri. Eve., Feb. 28. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Judgment of Paris," "Pas de Quatre," and "Billy the Kid," Sat. Aft., March 1. . . . "Swan Lake," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Bluebird," and "Gala Performance," Sat. Eve., March 1. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Dark Elegies," and "Capricioso," Sun. Aft., March 2. . . . "Swan Lake," "The Great American Goof," and "Jardin aux Lilas," Sun. Eve., March 2. . . . "Carnaval," "Billy the Kid," and "Gala Performance," Tues. Eve., March 4. . . . "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Pas de Quatre," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Swan Lake," Wed. Eve., March 5. . . . "Capricioso," "Billy the Kid," and "Gala Performance," Thurs. Eve., March 6. . . . "Carnaval" and "Giselle," Fri. Eve., March 7. . . . "Giselle" and "Gala Performance," Sat. Aft., March 8. . . . "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Pas de Quatre," "Judgment of Paris," "Bluebird," and "Billy the Kid," Sat. Eve., March 8. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up last spring. Gerry Morton's orchestra plays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An excellent tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Patti Pickens heads the show and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a rumba band provide the music.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Chauncey Grey's orchestra, too, and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—As good as they come, of course, with Ethel Waters and a chorus from "Cabin in the Sky" and Ted Straeter's orchestra. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—As always, a great favorite with the dine-and-dance crowd. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra, whose specialty is Viennese waltzes, plays in the Tapestry Room until about 10 P.M. (until midnight, Thurs.).

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is currently offering a show which includes Mary Raye and Naldi. Music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This sky-scraping aerie has Ben Cutler's orchestra and a

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new show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra continues to play in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis, Hazel Franklin, and other ice-skaters are cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster is back again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Adelaide Moffett sings and Paul Gerrits skates and tells stories in the informal Empire Room. Leighton Noble's orchestra plays for dancing.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a bandbox of a place, with Hope Emerson, Casper Reardon, and some others. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Betty Bryant sings nostalgic songs and Spivy herself is heard from once in a while. . . . **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): sometime during the evening the Oak Room becomes a supper club, with a small show and just about as many after-theatre patrons as can squeeze in. . . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence's sly songs may be heard every night, except Mon. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a view of Central Park, a pleasant-smelling log fire, and incidental music.

Miscellaneous—At **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Danny Kaye, Roy Fox's orchestra, and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by Harold Nagel's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): two orchestras, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. The Tisdale Trio is on hand and there's also an orchestra. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and, beginning Mon., March 3, John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): one flight down, with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically part of Carnegie Hall. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Horace Heidt's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. Fill-in band Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with antics by Billy de Wolfe and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the entertainment, which consists of the Revuers (except Mon.) and Zutty Singleton's Trio (except Tues.). . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): nostalgic Billy Rose entertainment, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White mixes the past with the present in a show which includes Joan Edwards, Ann Pennington, Shep Fields' orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere and a show headed by Carmen Amaya, that gypsy dancer. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical one, with Vincent Lopez's orchestra and a show. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Joe Turner, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday and Coleman Hawkins' orchestra are the principal attractions here. Hawkins takes Tues. off. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Benny Carter's orchestra will be playing in this Village landmark through Sun., March 2.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Albers—New paintings, generally abstract but less formal in pattern than heretofore: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Americans—Milton Avery, John Kane, Léon Hartl, and Louis Eilshemius in a varied but well-integrated collection: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.

Berman—Recent paintings, some of considerable power, by one of the leaders of the Neo-Romantic school: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 15.

Dike and Laurence—Smartly executed water colors, mainly nocturnes, by Dike; Laurence is represented by paintings of Alaska: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

English—Hogarth, Whistler, and many others in a big show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and prints: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 5.

Etnier, Laufman, and Speight—The first two show, respectively, crisp, sunny sea scenes and deftly romanticized landscapes; Speight's landscapes, less expert but more resourceful, are the best: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 15.

French—A spirited Miró leads a good selection of paintings by members of the Paris school: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Gropper—New oils and lithographs by this unfailingly productive and vigorous painter: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through March 29.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—French painting from David to Toulouse-Lautrec in a big loan exhibit that includes a number of oils from foreign sources. Not so good as it might be, but still an important showing. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 26.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A show of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—New canvases by Charles G. Shaw. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 9.

Nicolas—Clever, rococo oils by a Dutch artist new to this country: Sterner, 9 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Nordfeldt—Large, luscious still lifes by a painter who combines the influence of Derain with a certain rugged personal expression: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

O'Keeffe—New paintings, including a number of Southwestern scenes and some really ornate flower studies: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 21.

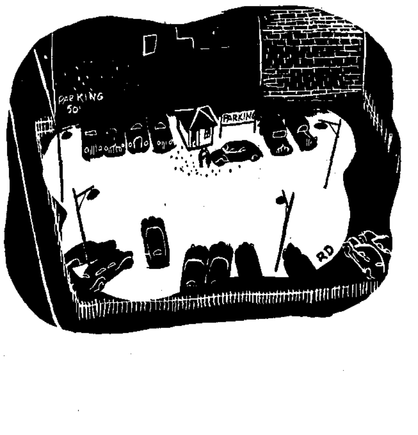
Orr—Dark, moody, romantic paintings that have a suggestion of Ryder about them: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Phillips and Hughes—Phillips, in a first and promising solo, shows oils that are halfway between surrealism and abstraction; Hughes' paintings are tasteful, if somewhat naïve: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Picasso—Some rare and highly absorbing collages in a group that lays special stress on his earliest and most recent paintings: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Prints—A hundred or so black-and-whites, all American, in a collection that ranges from the early eighteenth century to the present and contains several interesting examples: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Sawyer—New England studies, sketchily but perceptively painted: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.



Schary—Effective figure paintings, slightly after the manner of Rubens, and some agreeable flower studies: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Sculpture—European sculpture of the twentieth century in a well-selected show that ranges from Rodin to Brancusi: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.

Sepeshy—Paintings in tempera and water color, grave in feeling and dry in tone: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Surrealists—Everyone from Magritte, Tanguy, Ernst, and Di Chirico to a number of lesser-known artists in an unusually ample collection (through Sat., March 8); also, works in the same technique by Joseph Vogel, an extremely promising young American (through Sun., March 2): New School, 66 W. 12. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Weber—First full-scale show in ten years by an always vigorously experimental painter: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., March 3.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big, and this time excellent, annual of contemporary American sculpture, water colors, drawings, and prints. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 28.

Here and There—At the **UPTOWN,** 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Shomer Zunser. Weekdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., March 6. . . . **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57: oils and gouaches by Ralph Rosenborg. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 8. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: gouaches by Allen Saalburg. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 8. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings by ten Americans. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1. . . . **SCHNEIDER-GABRIEL,** 71 E. 57: new paintings by Iver Rose. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 8. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: water colors by Earl Gross. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., March 3. . . . **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: sculptures by William Ehrich. Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; other weekdays 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Wed., March 5. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: water colors by Thomas S. Haile and oils by Arthur Ewart. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 1, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., March 2, at 3; Thurs. Eve., March 6, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 8, at 8:45. (Soloists: Rachmaninoff, Feb. 27-28; Piastro, March 1-2; Webster, March 8.)

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., March 1, at 3. (Soloist: Eudice Shapiro.)

New York City Symphony—Weissmann conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., March 2, at 8:45. (Soloist: Bonelli.)

Orchestrette Classique—Frederique Petrides conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., March 3, at 8:30.

Bach Circle Orchestra—Hufstader conducting: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., March 3, at 8:45. (Soloists: Pessl and Kirkpatrick.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Joslyn conducting: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., March 4, at 8:40.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Max Rosen, Mon. Eve., March 3, at 8:30; Sol Kaplan, Tues. Eve., March 4, at 8:30; Josef Hofmann, Sat. Aft., March 8, at 3.

Town Hall—Clara Rabinovitch, Sat. Aft., March 1, at 3; Grete Stueckgold, Sun. Aft., March 2, at 3; New Friends of Music (Kolisch Quartet and William Horne), Sun. Aft., March 2, at 5:30; Herbert Janssen, Wed. Eve., March 5, at 8:30.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27; "The Bartered Bride," Fri. Aft., Feb. 28; "Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., Feb. 28; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sat. Aft., March 1; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Eve., March 1; "Fidelio," Mon. Eve., March 3; "Carmen," Wed. Eve., March 5; "Götterdämmerung," Thurs. Eve., March 6; "Don Giovanni," Fri. Aft., March 7; "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., March 7; "Alceste," Sat. Aft., March 8; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., March 8. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or two before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden, preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main matches at about 10 P.M.: Lew Jenkins vs. Lou Ambers, catchweights, 10 rounds,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

Fri., Feb. 28; Billy Soose vs. Ernie Vigh, middleweights, 12 rounds, Fri., March 7. . . . Golden Gloves finals, Mon., March 3, starting at 8:15 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Thurs., Feb. 27; Americans vs. Canadiens, Sun., March 2; Rangers vs. Detroit, Tues., March 4; Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs., March 6. . . . *Amateur-series game: Sun., March 2, at 1:30 P.M.*

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 1, at 8 P.M. . . . K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 8, at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURE—An exhibition called "40 Architects Under 40," showing, with drawings, photographs, and models, the work of some of the younger men in this field: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Thurs., March 6, through Fri., March 28.

BENEFIT—Greek War Relief Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Mon. Eve., March 3, at 10.

COSTUME EXHIBITION—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century British, French, and American costumes, including some worn by Queen Alexandra: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—First editions, among them some of Dickens and some with Rackham illustrations, belonging to Mrs. Philip Dean, Mrs. Gilbert Boyer, the late J. Horace Harding, and others; also, ornithological books, collected by William H. Browning: Thurs. Aft., Feb. 27, at 2. . . . Etchings and engravings by Brockhurst, Dürer, Rembrandt, and others: Fri. Eve., Feb. 28, at 8:15. . . . Paintings by such masters as Goya, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Raeburn, Oriental rugs, and English and European furniture, sculptures, and tapestries, from the collection of the late J. Horace Harding: Sat. Aft., March 1, at 2.

LINCOLN GALLERIES, 3 Ave. at 68—Paintings by Breughel, Copley, Inness, Reynolds, and other masters, from the estates of the late Albert Gould Jennings and others: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Addressing the Motion Picture Academy at its annual-awards dinner: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27, at 11:45, WABC, WJZ, WOR.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia": Sat. Aft., March 1, at 2, WJZ.

RACING—The Widener Cup, at Hialeah: Sat. Aft., March 1, at 4:15, WOR.

SYMPHONIC MUSIC—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 2:30, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Szell conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Joseph Szigeti, Sun. Eves. at 7, WOR. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY—Underworld high jinks and considerable excitement in a neat little sketch, all composed and produced by Ben Hecht. With Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Feb. 28. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. and Sat., Feb. 28-March 1. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., March 1-3.)

BACK STREET—Margaret Sullavan as the lovely lady doomed to a lifelong love and misery (with lovely clothes). Charles Boyer is also in it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse you and surprise you. With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49; through Sun., March 2.)

FANTASIA—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse, interpreted by Stokowski with his Symphony Orchestra, by Deems Taylor in a professorial rôle, and, of course, by Walt Disney. Very grand and exalted. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—The Charlie Chaplin picture, which turned out to be one of the controversial subjects of the day. It probably belongs in your culture course. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HIGH SIERRA—Just another mad-dog Dillinger sort of thing, but exciting and well handled by Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Feb. 27. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Feb. 28. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., March 3.)

KITTY FOYLE—Ginger Rogers contributing a superior performance and much color to a story of the poor but beautiful working girl which is otherwise a trifle routine. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., March 5-6. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., March 5.)

THE LADY EVE—Sparkling farcical effects about a millionaire boob and a heartless siren, written and directed by Preston Sturges. With Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

THE LETTER—A distinguished rendering of this classic Somerset Maugham drama of a Singapore scandal. Bette Davis in one of her very best rôles, notably assisted by Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., March 5-7.)

NIGHT TRAIN—An utterly satisfactory thriller that *can do you lots of good. Made by the British,* it's about Europe at the outbreak of the war, with spies galore and tremendous adventure. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

PASTOR HALL—German gentlefolk and the tragedy that followed the emergence of Hitler among them. With Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, Wilfrid Lawson, and a general air of sombre distinction. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., March 1.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in a grand success—the film version of Philip Barry's play about the very rich and their very terrible troubles and their special wit. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Wed., March 5. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., Feb. 28-March 4.)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a new versiòn of "One Sunday Afternoon," that old play about the correspondence-school dentist and his troubles. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

TOBACCO ROAD—At last, Jeeter and his happy family are on the screen, and the film is a comfort and one full of instruction. With Charley Grapewin and Elizabeth Patterson as the older Lesters, and Marjorie Rambeau as Sister Bessie. Directed by John Ford. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

VICTORY—A competent, careful screen interpretation of the Conrad novel, with Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., March 3.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO (1938)—Central American wild life. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., March 1-4.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. *through* Mon., March 1-3.)

BERKELEY SQUARE (1933)—Leslie Howard in his famous stage rôle. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Mon., March 1-3.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., March 2-4.)

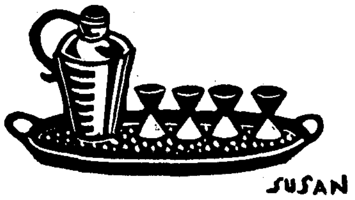
CAVALCADE (1933)—Noel Coward's troubled England. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 4-6.)

CLUB DE FEMMES (1937)—Life in a working-girls' home. French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Feb. 28.)

DAYBREAK (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. French. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Feb. 28.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Feb. 28.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., March 1-4.)



IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., March 1-4.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in old-time Paris. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Feb. 28.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., March 4-6.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Feb. 27. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., March 2-3. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., March 5-7.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Feb. 28.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., March 2-3.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Alfred Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., March 1-4.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: On **THURS., FEB. 27:** four 1915 Chaplin films. **FRI., FEB. 28:** four 1916 Chaplin films. **SAT., MARCH 1:** four 1917 Chaplin films. **SUN., MARCH 2:** "The Thin Man," with Myrna Loy and William Powell. **MON., MARCH 3:** "What! No Beer?," with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. **TUES., MARCH 4:** "Bombshell," with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. **WED, MARCH 5:** "Million Dollar Legs," with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

ART—The new National Gallery of Art, housing the Mellon and Kress collections, will be opened in Washington on March 18.

BASEBALL—Local season starts: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Yankee Stadium, April 15; Dodgers vs. Giants, Ebbets Field, April 15. . . . Exhibition games: Dodgers vs. Yankees, Ebbets Field, April 11-13; Giants vs. Cleveland, Polo Grounds, April 12-13.

BOXING—Detroit: Joe Louis vs. Abe Simon, heavyweight title, March 21. . . . Madison Square Garden: Buddy Baer vs. Tony Galento, March 26; Max Baer vs. Lou Nova, April 4.

FLOWER SHOW—Grand Central Palace, March 17-22.

GOLF—Pinehurst, N.C.: United North and South Open Championship, March 18-20; North and South Amateur, April 8-12.

HORSE SHOWS—Aiken, S.C., March 26. . . . Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, April 5. . . . Fairfax Hunt, Fairfax, Va., April 26.

HUNT RACES—Sandhills Steeplechase and Racing Association, Southern Pines, N.C., March 15. . . . Aiken Mile Track Association, Aiken, S.C., March 22. . . . Carolina Cup, Camden, S.C., March 29. . . . Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va., April 5. . . . Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va., April 12. . . . Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md., April 19. . . . Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Md., April 26.

INDOOR POLO—Intercollegiate Championship, West Point, March 15, 19, and 22.

MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, through May 4. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, March 13 and 15 (Aft.), and April 3 and 5 (Aft.). Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, March 11; Stokowski conducting, April 1. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, April 19. . . . Recitals: Horowitz, March 19; Anderson, April 16. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Lotte Lehman, March 12. . . . **METROPOLITAN OPERA:** "Parsifal," April 9.

RACING—Tropical Park, through April 10. . . . Bowie, April 1-12. . . . Jamaica, starting April 12.

THEATRE—Some productions planned for March: "The Doctor's Dilemma," Katharine Cornell in her revival of the Shaw play; "Native Son," a dramatization by Paul Green and Richard Wright of Mr. Wright's novel, produced by Orson Welles and John Houseman; "Clash by Night," a play by Clifford Odets, with Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler, produced by Billy Rose and the Group Theatre; "The Night Before Christmas," a comedy by Laura and S. J. Perelman, produced by Courtney Burr.

OTHER DATES—Ice Carnival, Madison Square Garden, March 28, 29, 31, and April 2. . . . Hasty Pudding Show, Waldorf-Astoria, March 29. . . . Columbia Varsity Show, Hotel Astor, April 3-4. . . . The Circus will probably open in Madison Square Garden on April 8. . . . Federal income-tax returns for 1940 are due on March 15; New York State returns *on April 15. . . . Easter Sunday is* April 13. . . . Daylight Saving starts Sun., April 27.

Heredity and Cancer

by Isaac F. Marcosson

(Member Advisory Council New York City Cancer Committee)

Out of the fear and darkness that so long shrouded cancer has emerged light. It is born of the certain knowledge that this age-old scourge of mankind, well termed Public Health Enemy Number Two, is curable in its early stage. The most heartening document in evidence—historic in cancer annals—is the latest report of the American College of Surgeons which shows a total of 36,087 cured cancer cases throughout the United States.

Nor is this a complete roster and for obvious reasons. For ethical reasons physicians sometimes shy at discussing their cancer cases, while the cured are apt to be equally reticent. In 1932 the American College of Surgeons began to break down this personal and professional reticence. That year the College conducted a symposium on "Cancer is Curable" at its annual clinical congress in St. Louis. Thirty eminent surgeons who had operated in some of the most famous hospitals in the country reported 8,840 cured cases, with no recurrence five or more years after the operation. These cures were all made possible by early diagnosis and treatment through one, or all, of the only accredited agencies; surgery, X rays, and radium. When early cancer is surgically removed, it is not likely to recur at all if there is no evidence of it after two years. The five year period was set as a safety cycle.

The fact that the American College of Surgeons' list of cured cancer cases has grown from 8,840 to 36,087 indicates how wide has become the conquest of the disease which for many years had been regarded as impregnable against any kind of surgical assault. It shows too that people who have had cancer are not averse to talking about it and being enlisted as animate exhibits of what early treatment can achieve.

This emancipation has led to the formation of the Cured Cancer Club, unique among American groups. The founder typifies all that the new attitude towards cancer means. She is Dr. Anna C. Palmer of Milton, Mass. In 1920 she was operated on for cancer of the breast. To-day at 84, she is spry and chipper; does her own cooking and housework, and finds time to function as Vice Commander of the Massachusetts Division of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

The Cured Cancer Club is open to any one vouched for by his physician as having been cured of cancer for at least five years before the application for membership is filed. The applicant need only subscribe to the statement; "I am willing to be known publicly as a cured cancer patient."

This legion of the cancer redeemed is a living rebuke to the old fear that the disease cannot be cured. This fear is full mate to the obsession that cancer is contagious or infectious. It is neither. You can no more "catch" cancer than you can acquire the shape of some one's nose or the color of his hair.

One of the greatest advances in cancer research relates to heredity, which has also caused a vast amount of needless fear. What is called "inherited cancer susceptibility" does not mean that a person whose parents have had cancer will inevitably have it. It does mean, however, that where parents or relatives have had the disease in a particular organ, the individual should be constantly on the alert for symptoms that might indicate the presence of cancer in that organ. This is particularly true of cancer of the breast. Studies in heredity have proved that in human beings, the processes and influences of heredity in causing cancer are so complex that it is unnecessary for the individual to regard it as a personal problem. Summed up, cancer is not hereditary as such. People inherit a susceptibility to it in certain organs.

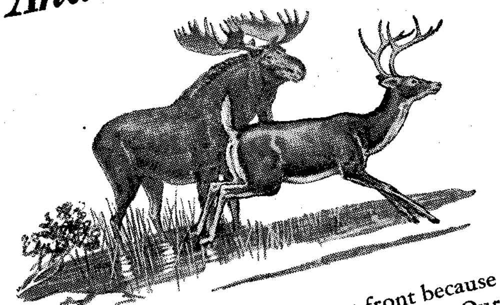
All this means that for the cancer-ridden there now exists new hope and a new freedom embraced in the slogan; "Early Cancer is Curable. Fight it With Knowledge".

Those wishing free pamphlets on cancer control or those who are interested in supporting the fight against cancer may secure full information by writing to the

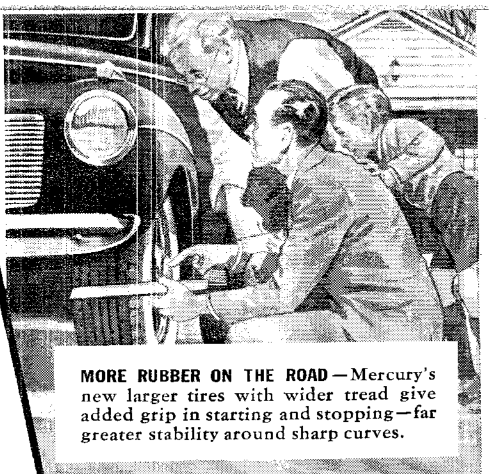
AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER, INC.

350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

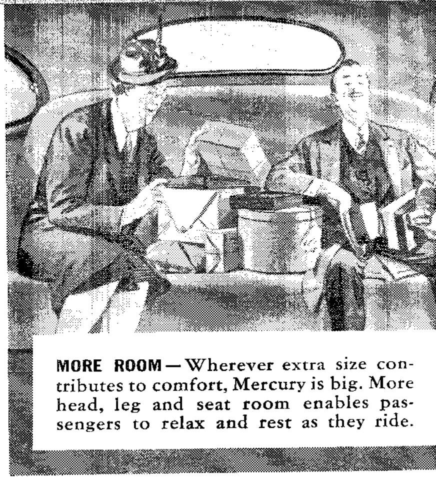
Here's Why Mercury
Gets Out In Front And Stays There!



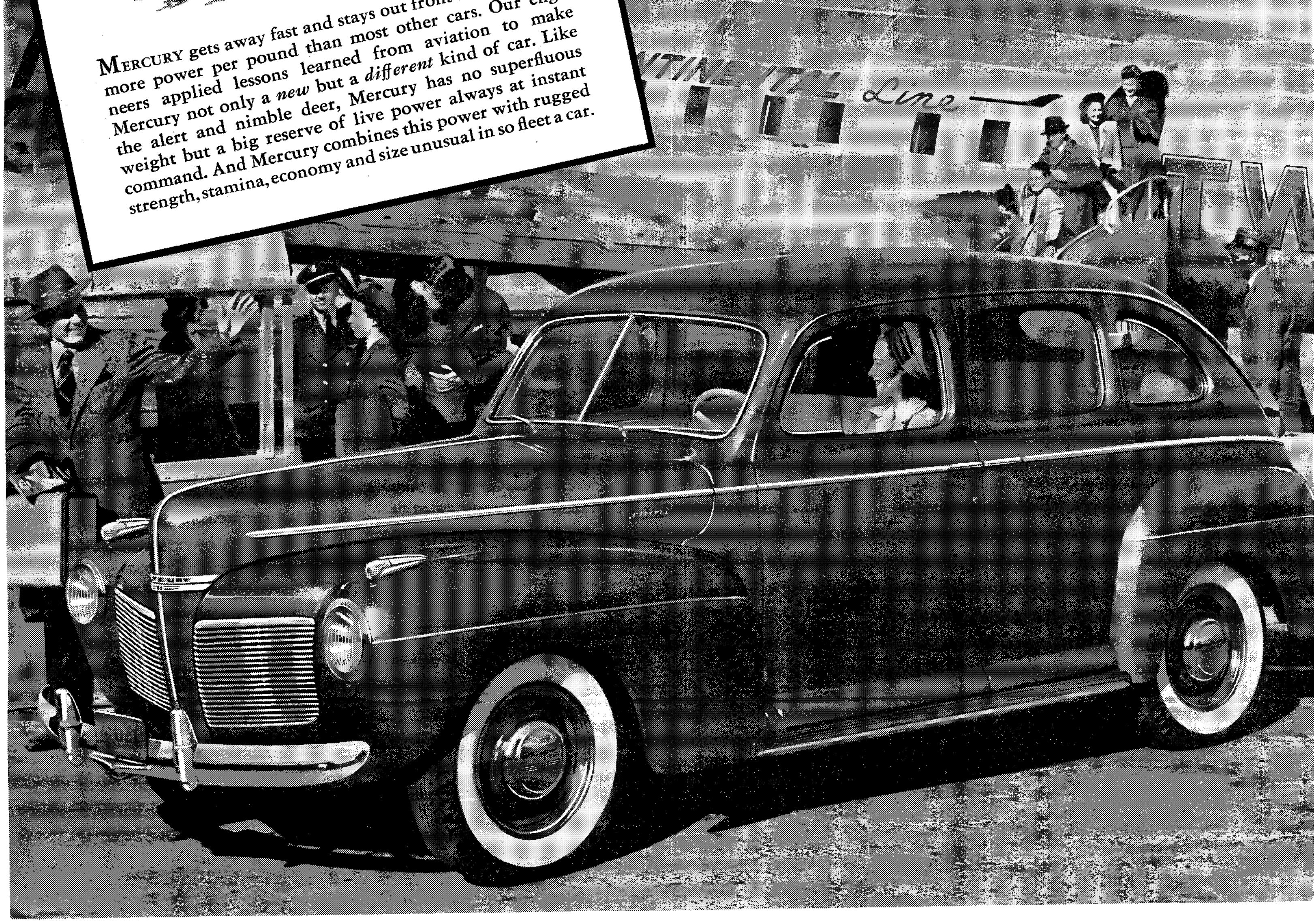
MERCURY gets away fast and stays out front because it has more power per pound than most other cars. Our engineers applied lessons learned from aviation to make Mercury not only a *new* but a *different* kind of car. Like the alert and nimble deer, Mercury has no superfluous weight but a big reserve of live power always at instant command. And Mercury combines this power with rugged strength, stamina, economy and size unusual in so fleet a car.



MORE RUBBER ON THE ROAD—Mercury's new larger tires with wider tread give added grip in starting and stopping—far greater stability around sharp curves.

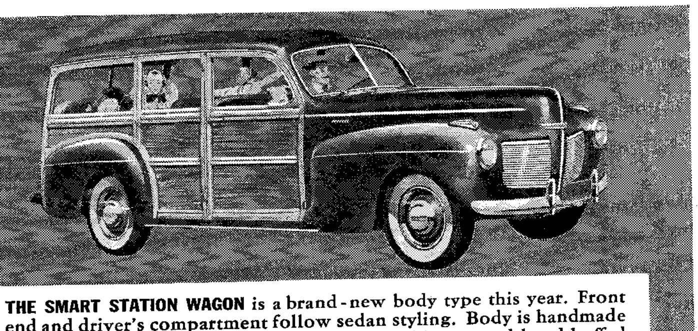


MORE ROOM—Wherever extra size contributes to comfort, Mercury is big. More head, leg and seat room enables passengers to relax and rest as they ride.



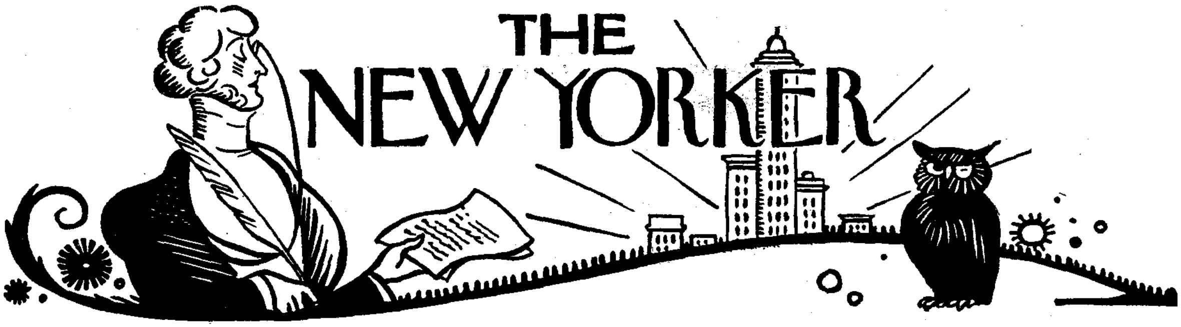
There's A Magnet In The Mercury!

MERCURY has attracted more than 175,000 new owners in just a little over two years. No single "super" feature accounts for this record growth in popularity. Mercury is just a well-built, modern car that we think gives you your money's worth. The Mercury V-8 power plant is about as fine an engine as you'd ever want. And the smooth, easy ride on long, slow-motion springs is a grand experience. Drive a Mercury soon and judge for yourself whether the extra pride and comfort you get isn't well worth the little more you pay over lowest-priced cars.



THE SMART STATION WAGON is a brand-new body type this year. Front end and driver's compartment follow sedan styling. Body is handmade of selected maple and birch. Choice of tan, blue or red hand-buffed leather upholstery. Large luggage capacity. White sidewall tires extra.

MERCURY 8



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

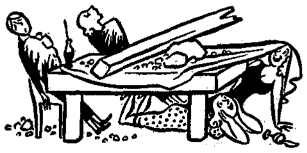
Notes and Comment

THAT little newspaper feature reporting that a letter mailed twenty-odd years before had just been delivered bobbed up again the other day, and we remembered how much fun we used to think it would be to get one ourself. We don't feel that way any more. The latest delayed message was dropped in the postbox in February, 1917, and though we don't know what it said, we feel there must have been a reference of some sort in it to the unrestricted submarine warfare which had suddenly begun on the first of the month. We wouldn't get much fun out of a letter written in 1917, and we'd get even less fun out of one mailed, let's say, in 1928. "Well, as usual, there doesn't seem to be much of anything to write about," it would begin, and our heart would fill with sadness for the past.

A YOUNG woman from *Time* telephoned us last week, looking for a trend. "What direction is the policy taking over there?" she asked us sharply. "Where do you think you're going?" We couldn't help her much, having no idea, and after a while she got sick of it and hung up. *Time* hasn't much use for people who don't know their own minds. We looked forward with anxiety to her report on this aimless and exasperating little conversation, but we needn't have bothered. In the next issue we found a short paragraph, quoting something we'd written and describing it as an able statement of our position. We clipped the whole thing out—our words and *Time's* perfect tribute—and pasted it up on our wall, under the heading "Position as of February 22, 1941." From time to time, when the editorial way is dark, we'll read it over, and then press forward confidently into the gloom. We still don't know exactly where we're going, but as long as *Time* does, everything is all right, there is nothing to fear.

ALTHOUGH it is on the unwieldy side, we approve of the all-over title which Eugene O'Neill has given his new cycle of nine plays. This is "A Tale of Possessors Self-Dispossessed," and we think it's the sort of title that fits an O'Neill cycle: just complicated enough to suggest plenty of thought, just portentous enough to please Theatre Guild subscribers, who like to think they are picking up culture the hard way. Of the two independent O'Neill plays which the Guild has announced it is holding, along with the cycle, for production some other year, only one has been titled, and of this title we do not approve at all. Mr. O'Neill, as you may know, has called his job "The Ice Man Cometh." Now, this is something we can only imagine as having originated in William Saroyan's woolly Armenian noddle—a companion piece perhaps to the short story called "The Three Swimmers and the Grocer from Yale." We don't believe that an O'Neill play, written slowly in pain and distilled slowly in the imagination of the Theatre Guild, season by season, should bear a title that will make theatregoers think of Saroyan. People are going to get the idea that it was something tossed off between breakfast and lunch, and go to a Saroyan play instead. We'd suggest "The Frozen Burden Borne," or something like that.

THE habits formed during the years of peace will be matters of life and death when hell breaks loose. We reached this conclusion when we saw a picture of the newest British air-raid shelter—a table accommodating four diners but "strong enough to withstand the weight of two stories of brick and masonry" when the house falls down. We don't know what will happen to the tables, but we have a pretty clear idea of what will happen to the human race. There will be the nice girls who drink Coca-Cola and there will be the girls who slide out of their chairs on the second Daiquiri and the bombers will come over and everything will jump up and down and all the sober girls will still be in their chairs covered with masonry and as cold as haddocks and these drunken women with the Daiquiris will come out with tablecloths on their heads and want to know what all the noise is about. They will marry other drunkards and they will all get together and devise a world peace for a new generation whose only reason for living will be an inherited ability to live under tables.



WE are in sympathy, on our mother's side, with Mayor LaGuardia's effort to sweeten the odor of the magazines in our city, but we have no faith at all in some of the methods he proposes. One of these would be to "make distributors chargeable with knowledge of the contents" of the periodicals they distribute. This, obviously, would require the distributors to read everything that passed through their hands, and what would follow would be simply the hasty departure of distributors to other fields of endeavor. The violent distaste that great numbers of

men whose lives are bound up with the preparation and distribution of reading matter have for the stuff they batten on is something of which the Mayor seems not to be aware. We would have been ignorant of it ourself if we had not once spent a few eerie months manufacturing editorials for syndication to some two hundred newspapers. We expressed one opinion that proved to be the opinion of no one else in the world, and the burden of the complaint of all two hundred editors, who forwarded us the complaints of their readers, was the same. They said irritably that they suddenly found themselves forced to read the editorials they published, that they had never had to engage in this practice before, and they'd be damned if they were going to assume new responsibilities so late in life.

The McCoy

MORE about the Gimbels Hearst sale: Coming upon a set of silver spoons which had tiny human figures on their handles and bore a tag describing them as "early-seventeenth-century Dutch," a lady buttonholed a salesgirl to ask if they were apostle spoons. "Yes, indeedy," the girl said. "Those are the spoons used by the twelve apostles."

Safari

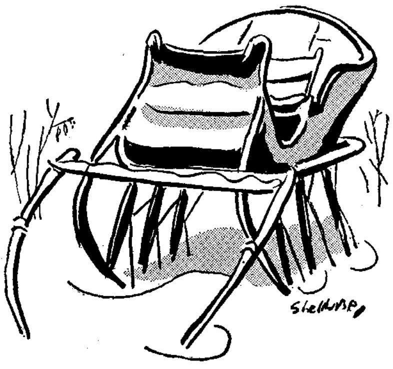
WE love nature, but we got quite a scare last week at the Sportsmen's Show, where we impetuously went, about two o'clock one morning, to have a look at the sleeping animals after all the regular visitors had gone home. Just as we were stepping into the darkened building, we heard a wail. "What's that?" we hastily asked a Mr. King, who had received us. "A Malemute," said Mr. King, "upstairs in Dave Irwin's Eskimo Village." "Loose?" we inquired. Mr. King assured us it wasn't. We handed him our coat.

The Grand Central Palace was dusky under night lights and a quiet place, considering that four or five hundred animals were there. Mr. King, the assistant manager of the show, led us around on the first floor to the State of Maine exhibit. The waterfall in the trout pool, which during visiting hours sends a cool draft over the water, was shut off. A mallard drake and two ducks were asleep on some moss in an enclosure, but in a nearby pool three beavers were working like American businessmen. "This is their only chance," said Mr. King. "They don't like the people during the day."

Stumbling along in the dark, we climbed two flights of stairs and made our way, like a couple of moths, toward some bright lights on the southeast corner of the third floor. They were illuminating an exhibit called Reptiles of the World and had to be kept on twenty-four hours a day because they were linked up with apparatus which heated the long row of glass cases in which the reptiles lay. "The Reptiles of the World have had an active day," said Mr. King. We noticed that most of them, in fact, were fast asleep. But not the golden banana boa, smallest of the pygmy boas. It began squirming like a boa possessed when it saw us. Fearful that we might be doing it no good, we quickly moved along to the monitor lizard, who was also awake, but apathetic.

As a real treat, Mr. King took us west on this floor to see the great horned owls. Four of them stood stolidly in a cage in the gloaming. Described as the most morose, savage, and saturnine of all birds in this region, at night these owls, we had heard, strike at anything white. We offered them the financial page of the *Sun*. The nearest one immediately struck at it through the mesh of the cage. "That's all," we said to Mr. King, who diverted our attention by pointing out, in the Warren Buck Animal Collection, a marabou stork which had a noteworthy bald, freckled head and looked like Sam Goldwyn.

Further west on the third floor, in an even darker, shadowier area, Mr. King showed us cages full of melanistic pheasants, but we couldn't see a thing. Not far off, and evidently enjoying the gloom, were Dave Irwin's Eskimo Village Huskies, all snoozing except one, whom we recognized instantly as the one that had wailed. He was licking his paws as we approached, but when he saw us he stood up and wailed again. We walked on, considerably impressed. Down on the second floor we fell in with a uniformed employee of the New Hampshire Department of Fish and Game, whose job it was to stay up all night and see that the New Hampshire trout pool didn't overflow and leak down on Quebec, on the floor below. Two deer who belonged to his exhibit didn't mind the Malemute's howling in the least, he told us. To us they seemed thoroughly contented in their cage. Mr. King said, "Here, Queenie," and tried to get one of them to put her head out and have it scratched. Queenie wouldn't move.

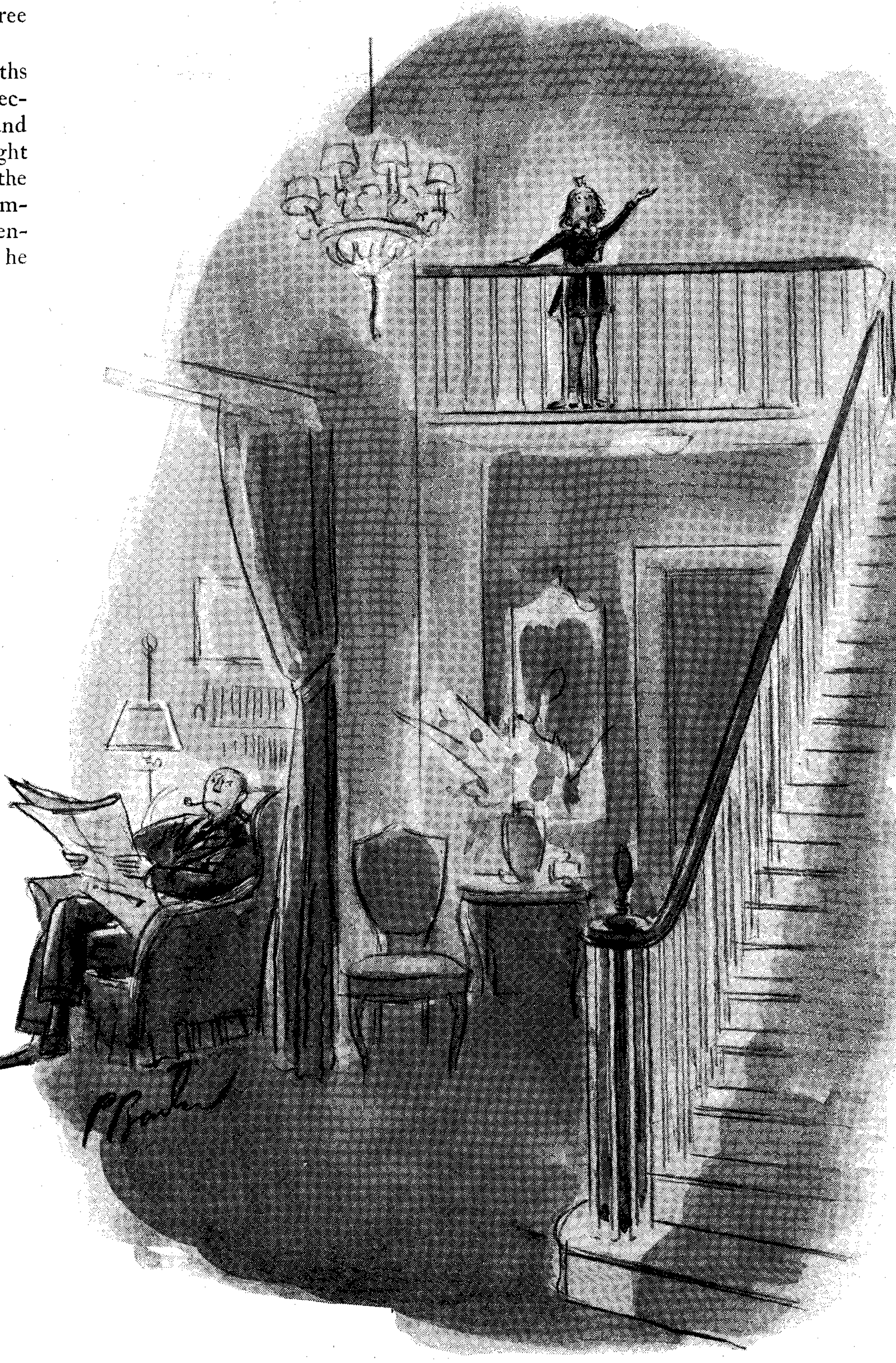


High Gear

SEVERAL months ago a manufacturer we know placed a bid or proposal of some sort before the War Department, which has to date made no response. Last week he went down to Washington to see if he could get some action. His complaint was investigated by a spidery civilian clerk, who shuffled through filing cards, prowled in and out of various offices, and finally advised our friend to go home and wait in patience. "You see," he said, "everything takes so much longer now, on account of the emergency."

Lines and Rectangles

SINCE reporting on the local doings of Fernand Léger, the French painter, we have encountered another Paris artist whom the war has expatriated here—Piet Mondrian, probably the only painter in the world who hasn't drawn a curved line in twenty years. Mondrian, who was mentioned in a recent Profile of A. E. Gallatin, specializes in rectangular abstractions which look simple but whose color, tone, and lines are calculated with an awesome regard for balance and harmony. They are handled in this country by Valentine Dudensing, and some have been bought by the Museum of Modern Art and the Museum of Living Art, among others. Mondrian was represented last month in the American Abstract Artists' show at the Riverside Museum. He works by tacking strips of colored paper on a canvas and then shifting them around, sometimes for weeks, until he is satisfied with the pattern. He then removes the strips and paints in the lines and rectangles which they indicated. Anything circular makes him nervous. Once, when he was living in Paris in a house with a curved staircase, he fastened rectangular pieces of painted cardboard to the balustrades so that he could go up and downstairs with a free mind.



"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Mondrian arrived here three months ago and has settled in a couple of rectangular rooms at Fifty-sixth Street and First Avenue. He was born sixty-eight years ago in Amersfoort, a town in the middle of Holland; studied art in Amsterdam; and became a rather conventional painter of landscapes. In 1910 he went to Paris, fell under Cubist influence, and gradually developed into an abstractionist with a horror of forms that were even vaguely realistic. He returned to Holland during the last war and then went back to Paris, where he stayed until 1938. During the period between the two wars he acquired a violent distaste for the country, partly because so many things in the country are curved. He told us that he sometimes went to the country but always came back by nightfall. "I didn't like it," he said, "but I did it for health." Mondrian left France in 1938, during the first *crise*, and went to London. When war broke out, friends begged him to move to the country with them, but he said he'd rather be bombed in town. He *was* bombed in town; his windows were shattered, and for several weeks he spent every night in an armchair, dressed. A. E. Gallatin and other American collectors persuaded him to come here. It is his first visit, but so far, although he loves jazz, he has been hardly anywhere. He has a collection of boogie-woogie records which he plays, often dancing around the room to their accompaniment all by himself. He likes oranges, and sometimes sucks one while he dances. He is sorry that records and oranges are circular. Mondrian is a bachelor, a hard worker, and a spectacular devotee of solitary life. He has never had a telephone. "I am happily always alone," he told us when we visited him, edging us toward the door. Once, when he had been working for weeks without seeing anyone, a friend called on him. "I am not seeing anyone this week," said Mondrian, edging *him* toward the door.

Mondrian is a slight man with a gentle voice. He has fixed up his studio, a bare room with a drawing board and two stools, by pasting variously sized squares of yellow, blue, and red paper on the walls. "It was otherwise too inhospitable," he explained. He has a theory that New York restaurants use too much water in cooking, and he generally prepares his own meals. As a man who has carried abstract art further than anyone else, Mondrian does not often look at the work of other painters, and an acquaintance was astonished the other day to catch him inspecting a Marin in the Museum of Living Art. Mondrian merely remarked that thirty years ago he had painted things like that. He is delighted with his Manhattan quarters, since they look out on First Avenue, where there isn't a piece of greenery in sight or much that is round. His stay in

London was made hideous not only by bombs but by the fact that there was a tree outside his window. His name is really spelled Mondriaan, he told us, but he dropped one of the "a"s when he first went to Paris.

Period Piece

PROBABLY the most trifling problem of the past month was that of a girl who acquired, as a piece of costume jewelry, a florid, old-fashioned locket with space for two pictures but possessed no suitable pictures to put in it. (She has plenty of beaux, but none who look well in an old-fashioned locket.) She finally hit upon a solution, you'll be glad to learn—clipped the likenesses of the two Smith Brothers from a cough-drop box.

Hello

A LIGHTHEARTED picture recently printed in this magazine, in which a switchboard operator is saying, "Morrison, Robertson, Hitchcock, Brusiloff, Leggett, Winthrop, and . . . Oh, hello, Muriel," got us thinking that long firm names must in real life constitute a pretty severe problem to the people who have to answer the telephones. Thought merging into action, we seized our telephone and called up Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine, the attorneys. "Root, Clark," their operator trilled. Then we dialled the law firm of Kirlin, Campbell, Hickox, Keating & McGrann, whose operator merely said "Koilin." Proceeding more or less at random, we called Mandelbaum, Bluestone, Sprintzen & Birnbaum. There the operator greeted us with a simple, efficient "Hello." A call to Spence, Windels, Walser, Hotchkiss & Angell brought us only a meagre "Spence, Windels," and we began to get worried. However, on our next experimental call, to Montgomery, Peabody, Grace & Derby, we were rewarded with a clearly articulated "Montgomery, Peabody, Grace and Derby." "Bingo!" we shouted, and hung up.

It was almost dinnertime before we tired of this game, and we were able to draw several interesting conclusions. Architects and real-estate men are the most punctilious about using the full names of their firms, even if they're mouthfuls like Voorhees, Walker, Foley & Smith or Brett, Wyckoff, Potter, Hamilton. Of the firms we called, the trickiest full name in use was that of the brokerage firm of Merrill, Lynch, E. A. Pierce & Cassatt. The best "reading," as actors call it, was given by the operator at the advertising agency of Brooke, Smith, French & Dorrance. The commonest abbreviation is to use only the first two names: "Banque Belge" for Banque Belge pour l'Etranger (Overseas), Ltd., and "Davis, Polk" for Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed. A few firms, like Burlingham, Veeder, Clark & Hupper and Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine & Wood, give the senior partner sole billing; i.e., "Burlingham" and "Cravath." The law firm of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle and the patriotic organization called I Love America, Inc., respond with their respective telephone numbers.

The Committee for the Protection of the Holders of Bonds Sold Thru the F. H. Smith Co. says "Hello," and so does the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which used to say "Propagation." The girl at Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne says "B., B., D. and O." Kohler of Kohler's operator says "Kohler Company." The Association of Manufacturers of Chilled Car Wheels says "Mr. Hardin's office." Our own operator says "New Yorker," and not infrequently is requested to reserve an outside room and bath.

Deletion

WE'VE heard from the headmaster of an Eastern school about a chat he had with one of his students, an English lad over here for the duration. "Are letters from your family coming through all right?" the headmaster asked.

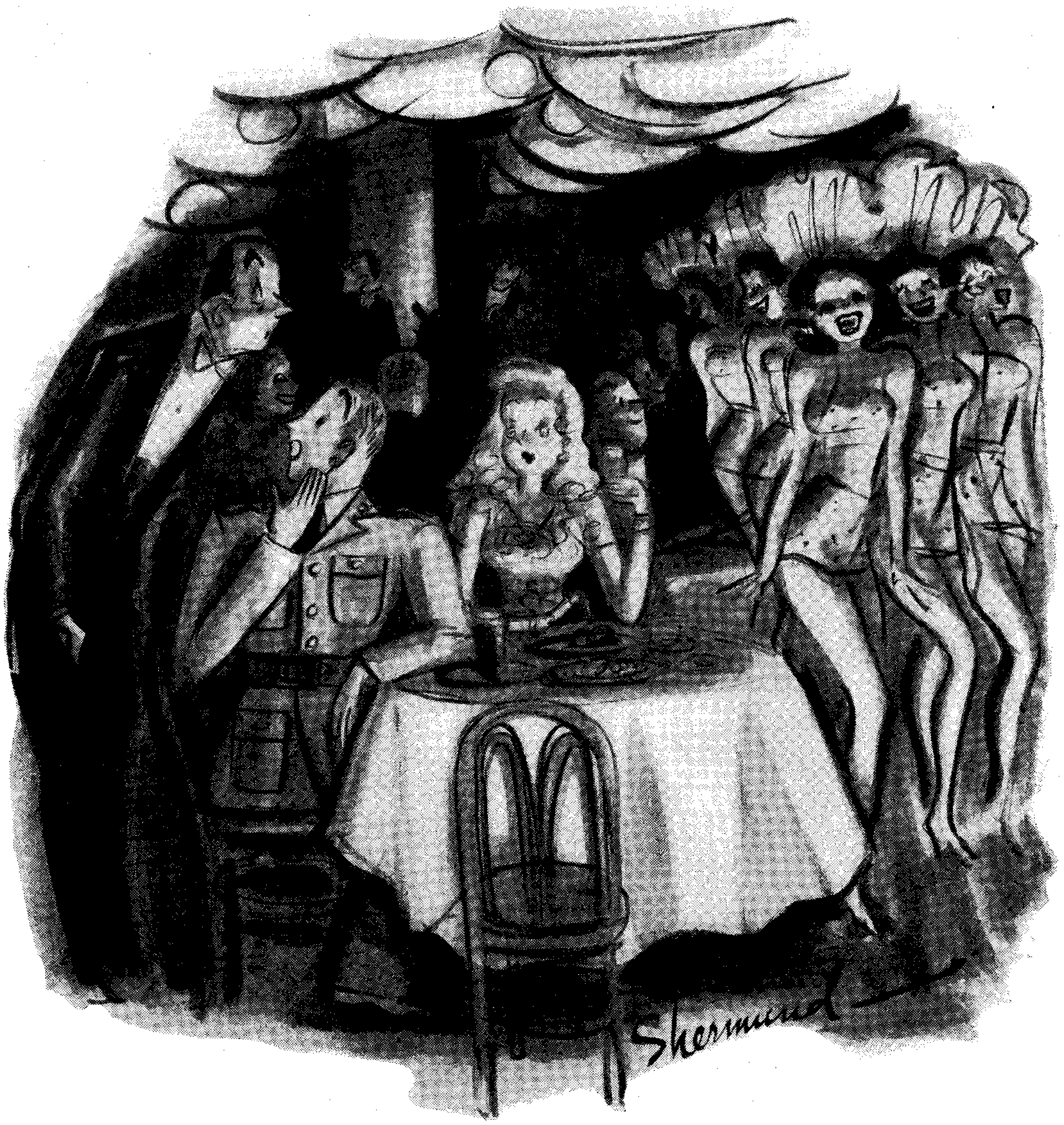
"Oh, yes, sir, quite regularly."

"And are they ever censored?"

"Yes, they are," the boy said. "Mother wrote in her last letter, 'I don't believe Mr. Hitler will attack England this winter,' and the censor scratched out the 'Mr.' "

Young Man in the Bed

HAVING a healthy interest in both the drama and the human head, we called at four o'clock last Thursday afternoon on Victor Mature, who plays opposite, or almost opposite, Gertrude Lawrence in Moss Hart's psychoanalytical play, "Lady in the Dark." Although only twenty-six years old, Mr. Mature has been singled out by the Harvard *Lampoon* as "the actor least likely to succeed," has already made a fool of the Harvard *Lampoon*, has met socially in recent weeks various Paleys, Swopes, Hearsts, Vanderbilts, Harrimans, and other resourceful hosts and hostesses, and has been mentioned in the gossip columns as being alarmingly handsome. We found him in bed in a room at Essex House, discussing some sample suitings with a tailor and drinking Coca-Cola out of a bottle. He motioned the tailor to a chair in a corner and apologized to us for not being up, explaining that he had stayed out late the night before. "I used to have low moments and they were just low moments," he remarked abruptly, "but since this play, when I have low moments I worry about them. The other night I got to worrying about the face of the stage manager looking through the square hole in the wings and I couldn't concentrate and I knew my performance was stinking and later I couldn't get my mind off it and I thought 'Lord! Maybe there *is* something wrong with my complexes and stuff.' "



"Let me know when we're getting near twenty-one dollars."

"Just lie back and say whatever comes into your mind," we suggested.

"I can't figure it out," he went on, putting his hands under his head. "I've got to find something to do with these afternoons. In Hollywood, since I got a break a year and a half ago, I've had a little house and a tennis court and a car and I had confidence and was happy just getting ahead and pushing. Now here in New York, for instance, I have to get all these new suits because all the ones I had were the sports outfits which you wear out there exclusively, and these New York clothes make me feel sharp. Too sharp, see? Mr. Hart and everybody have been wonderful, and this is what I want, this is *it*, this is strictly the good thing, and my God, meeting the Paleys and all those and so forth—why, think of it, when I went to Hollywood in 1935, when I was nineteen, I lived in a garage that was all charcoal inside and only last week I'm at the Paleys', stumbling over Swopes and stuff."

"You lived in a garage that was all charcoal inside?" we asked softly.

"It was only eight dollars a month," he said. "That's why—because it had had a fire in it and was burned out, only not burned *down*. It was fixed up like an apartment but it was really a garage and all the wood inside was charred and came off black on your fingers. I got to Hollywood from my home in Louisville, Kentucky, with eleven cents left after I paid this eight dollars' rent and I wired Dad saying I had eleven cents and he wired back saying that was six cents more than he'd had when he came over from Austria and he couldn't speak English, but *I* could. Dad used to grind scissors in Louisville and he got into the refrigeration business later and made a good deal of money, so he thought acting was unsound and wanted me to go into his business. I was an only child. We never had any real quarrel or anything and you ought to see them now—Dad and Mother. Boy, are they proud! Mature's my real name, you see—same as theirs. I had a tough time in Hollywood but it was constructive and did me good and I'm glad Dad didn't send me any dough. The tough going gave me an insight, which is strictly a good thing."

"It's what parents ought to do instead of mollycoddling," said the tailor emphatically.

"There you are wrong, old man," said Mature. "You can't generalize. Now, for me it was right, it was *it*, but for some other kid it would not have been constructive. I was pushing, and the works were *proper* and they still are, only—well, like I've just been reading six movie magazines with features about me: 'Mature's opinion on love,' 'Mature's taste in dames.' I never gave any of them out, but it's O.K., it is strictly the stuff, it is *it*, only I worry more now and I'm not as happy with myself—O.K. but not *as* O.K. I watch my step. This way? That way? Lord, sometimes I think maybe I'll talk to one of these psycho guys, like Mr. Hart did. But nuts! I got to figure out something to do with these afternoons. I may walk in the Park a little. I may join this New York Athletic Club. I may take some courses at Columbia. But nuts!"

Complication

THE heads of Standard Statistics and of Poor's Publishing Company recently decided to merge, but they did so with no thought of one serious problem that came up. They haven't been able to work out a satisfactory name for the business. Every time they tackle the problem, they run up against Poor-Standard Statistics or Standard Statistics & Poor. At the time we went to press they were still puzzled.

THE RAFFLE

Cousin Margaret Reade was Millie Osborne's mother's cousin. She was the only one of the Tait girls who had done really well for herself, and she hadn't had a care in the world since she married Harry Reade. Cousin Margaret and Cousin Harry lived in a large, rambling house, near Wethersfield, Connecticut, which had been built in 1895, and twice a year Millie Osborne was invited to visit them. She stayed a whole week in August and a weekend sometime during the winter. Once, twelve years ago, when Millie was twenty-five years old, Cousin Margaret had asked her for the entire summer and had even given a garden party in her honor, to which all the eligible bachelors in Wethersfield and Hartford had been invited. But nothing came of it, and Cousin Margaret, feeling she had done all that was humanly possible, had given up the idea of trying to make a match for Millie.

The winter visits were timed to suit Cousin Margaret's whims. And, although several times she had experienced slight qualms over Millie around Christmas, she stifled them, telling herself that her own boys, their wives, and five grandchildren were all that she could possibly manage and that Millie would understand. Then she would send Millie a prettily wrapped Christmas box containing a small gift and a homemade fruitcake and read Millie's effusive thank-you letter out loud to the family.

This year the invitation for the winter visit came in the nick of time for Millie. It arrived on the eighteenth of February, just when she was wondering how she could possibly manage until the first of March, when her check would come. She lived at the Allerton House in a ten-dollar-a-week room, and her room rent, which she paid in advance, was due Friday. She sat down and wrote a properly grateful acceptance to Cousin Margaret's kind invitation and, going down to the lobby, mailed the letter and told the room clerk that she would be giving up her room before noon on Friday. It was not until she got back upstairs and shook the contents of her purse onto the bed that she realized what she had done. There was a round-trip ticket to be bought; a box of Barracini chocolates to take to Cousin Margaret; taxi fare to and from the station; a dollar, at least, to be given to Hannah, Cousin Margaret's upstairs maid; and her room rent would still have to be paid when she returned to town on Monday. This, she figured, left a dollar and fifty cents to live on for almost a week. But it was too late to change her plans, because, no matter what happened to her, she could not afford to disappoint Cousin Margaret.

Millie was tired when she arrived at Cousin Margaret's house. Her train had not left New York until three, and, true to her word, she had been out of her room at the Allerton House before noon. She had checked her wardrobe trunk with the porter and, carrying her suitcase, rode up to the solarium, where she waited until almost traintime. The train trip was dull; it outlasted the time it took her to read the paper she had bought at the station, and the country through which she passed was too familiar to give her any sense of adventure. Cousin Margaret, showing her to her room, was apologetic about the bureau drawers. She explained that Millie would have to get along with only the two top ones. "The bottom ones are full of linen," she said. "I didn't think you'd mind."

Millie told her she didn't mind the least bit. She thought of the large, shining bathroom across the hall, which was for her exclusive use; of the huge, soft bath towels, the sweet-smelling sheets on her bed, and the old-fashioned elegance of Cousin Margaret's dinners.

"I hope you brought an evening dress," Cousin Margaret went on. "I meant to mention it in my note to you. Mrs. Fletcher is giving a charity ball at her home. For the British, you know."

Her voice, when she spoke of Mrs. Fletcher, was tinged with respect. There were only a few things in the world that Cousin Margaret did respect. They were the Republican Party, her husband, her own blood pressure, the British Empire, and Mrs. Fletcher. And to have Mrs. Fletcher working hand in glove with the British Empire, so to speak, gave her a feeling of awe. Mrs. Fletcher was married to a man who had twice as much money as Mr. Reade, and while Mr. Fletcher had had to work for his and her own husband had conveniently inherited a fortune, the difference in the totals was annoying. Mrs. Fletcher had a larger house and, thanks to a superb gardener, took more prizes than Mrs. Reade did at the Garden Show; Mrs. Fletcher was three inches taller and had kept her figure, and her husband was chairman of the board of directors at the country club, while Mr. Reade was only secretary.

"A dinner dress won't do," Cousin Margaret said. "I have already bought your ticket—two dollars—and even if you can't go, I'll have to keep it. It would never do to return it for an affair of this sort."

Millie Osborne laughed reassuringly. "Dear Cousin Margaret," she said. "Of *course* I have an evening dress. I wouldn't think of travelling without one."

"I'm very glad of that," Cousin Margaret said. "Young people are so careless these days that one never knows."

Although Millie Osborne was thirty-seven, it did not seem strange to have Cousin Margaret refer to her as a young person.

"I wish I'd thought of it. The idea for the ball, I mean. Not that Carrie Fletcher's house won't *do*, but, if I do say so myself, I know how to handle a thing of this sort."

"Indeed you do, Cousin Margaret," Millie said. "I think I've been to more lovely parties in this house than in any place in the world. I shall never forget the tea you gave last winter for Martha Douglas."

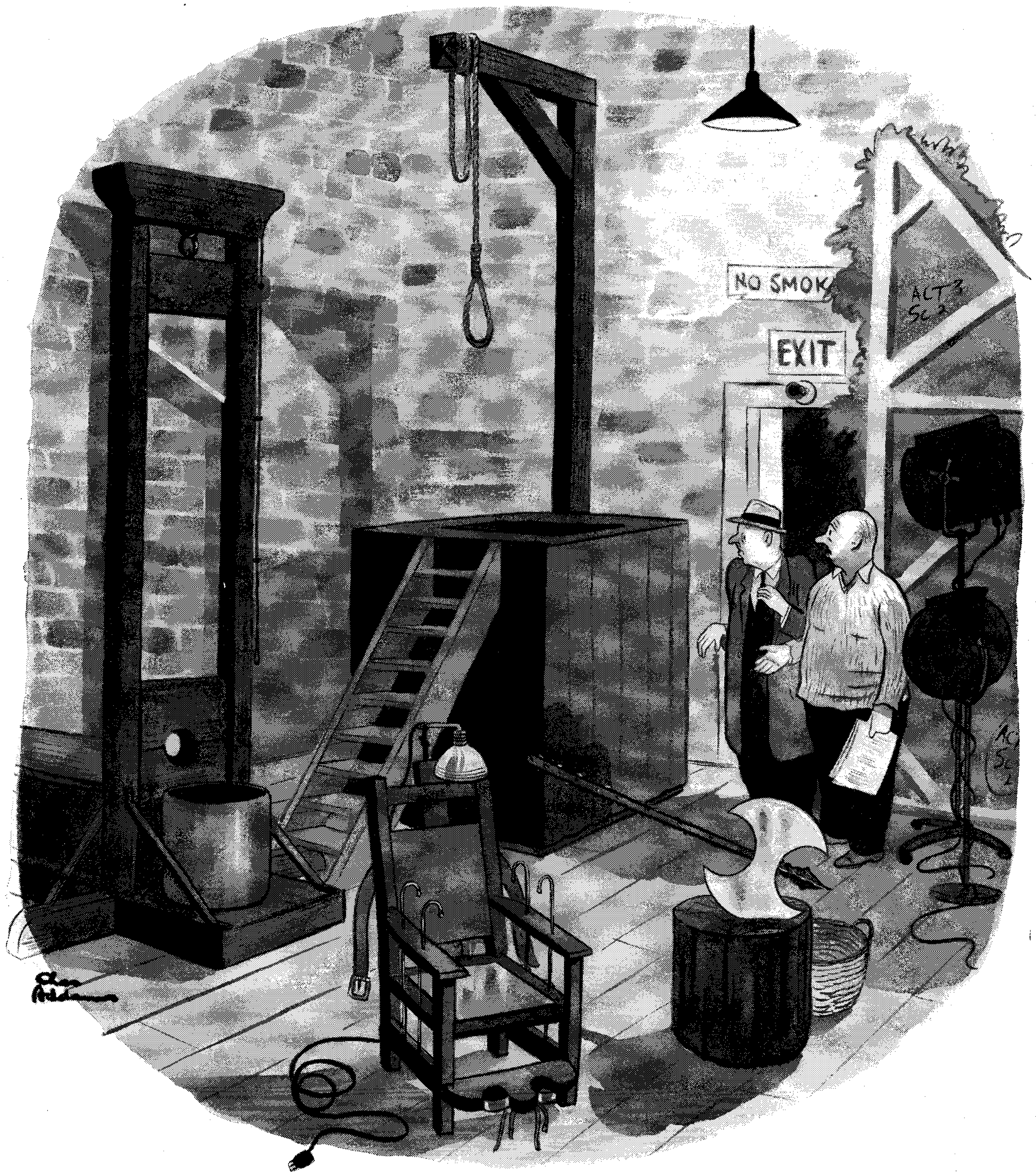
"I should think not," Cousin Margaret said.

"When is the ball?" Millie asked.

"Tonight, naturally," Cousin Margaret said. "Carrie Fletcher would never dream of letting the dancing run over into Sunday. I shall only stay until after the raffle. I have five books of tickets."

"You're *too* generous," Millie Osborne murmured.

"Yes," Cousin Margaret said. "Carrie Fletcher has three. I thought it a little odd when she told me, considering the fact that the prizes were contributed. Everyone was most kind. Mrs. Goldhamer, who runs the Variety Store, gave a lovely pair of blankets. Mr. Harris gave a nice little portable radio—he has the radio shop, you know. And Miss



"They've rewritten the last scene four times."

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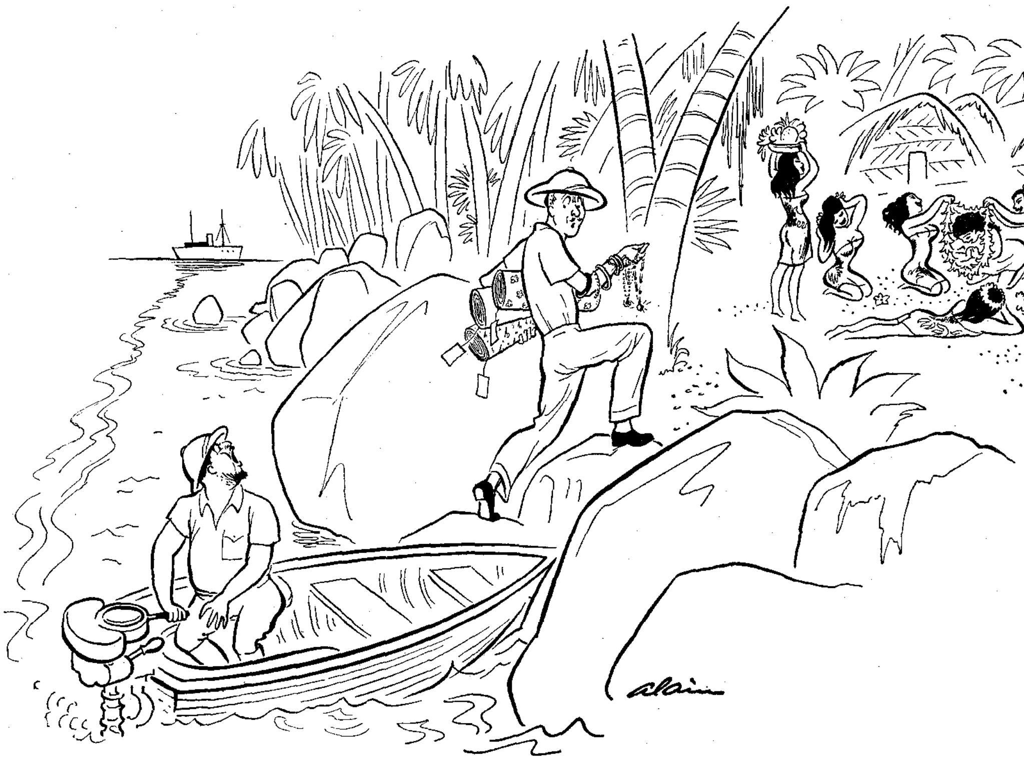
Hultgren, at Rita's Beauty Shop, gave a fifteen-dollar permanent wave. There are six prizes in all. I believe the others are a cocktail-shaker or some such nonsense, and an electric clock, and a pair of bookends. I have my heart set on the blankets."

"Oh, I *do* hope you win them, Cousin Margaret!" Millie said. "And you should, with five books."

"There are six tickets in each book," Cousin Margaret said. "And, as each ticket is twenty-five cents, it *would* come to a dollar and a half, only Carrie Fletcher thought some concession should be made to persons generous enough to take a whole book. So she decided to sell the books for a dollar and *twenty-five*." She walked over to the bureau and moved a pale-blue pincushion to the exact centre of the heavy white linen bureau scarf. "Harry won't be going," she went on. "The noise bothers him. And I would have asked someone to take



"Just a minute, Phipps! It's my turn to go in and win their confidence."

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you, but I just couldn't seem to think of any unattached man."

"It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all," Millie Osborne said. "We'll just have a nice little time all by ourselves. And you really must let me pay you for my ticket."

"No," Cousin Margaret said. "That is my treat. However, if you feel you would like to do *something*, as I know you do, you may buy a book of tickets for the raffle. I was sure you would want one, so I got an extra one from Carrie Fletcher."

"Why, of course!" Millie Osborne said. She opened her purse and took out a dollar and a quarter and handed it to Cousin Margaret.

"There will be other things, too," Cousin Margaret said. "So you must be sure to carry a little something with you. I believe the punch is to be fifty cents a glass, and cigarettes will be thirty-five cents a package. Little things of that sort. I feel it's the least we can do."

"Oh, it *is!* The very least!"

"Well"—Cousin Margaret gave a sharp glance around the room to see if everything was in order—"I'll leave you to your unpacking. Dinner at seven sharp."

WHEN Cousin Margaret had left, Millie Osborne closed the door and opened her suitcase. She arranged her clothes neatly on the chintz-covered hangers in the closet; there was the black lace evening dress that doubled so admirably as a dinner dress when worn with her long-sleeved velvet jacket, a short tweed skirt to be worn with sweaters, a dark-brown afternoon dress with a V neck, and her black fur coat with the real mink collar. Cousin Margaret had sent her the skins, smelling strongly of moth balls, two years ago and Millie Osborne had had them cut into a smart little collar for her coat. There had been enough fur left over to have a hat made to match.

After she had finished unpacking, Millie opened her purse. There was a ten-dollar bill, a one-dollar bill, and a twenty-five-cent piece in it. She took out her needlepoint evening bag and tucked the money into its small change purse. As she did so, she considered leaving her bag behind in the bureau drawer and telling Cousin Margaret that she had completely forgotten it. But instantly she knew that Cousin Margaret would only offer to lend her the money and would remind her of it the next day. She shut her eyes and tried to imagine what it would be like going back to New York with not enough money for her room rent, and her explanations to the clerk at the desk. She might, of course, go to the Y.W.C.A., but there was her mail, which would come to the Allerton House, and her friends, who would telephone her there. For the first time in her life she experienced a sensation that approached panic. And although she reminded herself that her check would come, as it always did, the first of the month, which was only eight days away, her sense of insecurity grew. She thought with longing of her room at the Allerton and wished passionately that she were back there. She could have managed. If she slept later in the mornings, her breakfast would do until tea, which was served free to guests. And there was always the possibility of a dinner invitation. She had never been hungry in her life. It did not seem possible that she ever would be.

She bathed and dressed hurriedly and walked down the broad, polished stairs to the library. Cousin Harry sat listening to the radio, and she went over and kissed him on the cheek. "Well, Millie," he said. "I forgot you were coming." He settled back in his chair and closed his eyes.

She took her knitting from the bag she was carrying and sat down on the sofa. It was dark in the room and, aside from the noise of the radio, still. The lamp on the table by the couch was too low and its dull, rose-colored shade was too heavy. She knitted inexpertly and counted her stitches often. When she heard Cousin Margaret come into the room, she arose.

"Well, Millie," Cousin Margaret said. "You look very nice. Very nice indeed. Is that your black lace dress?"

"It packs so beautifully," Millie said.

"Black is always good, although it makes you look a little pale."

Dinner seemed endless. Millie drank at a gulp the glass of wine which she usually sipped with enjoyment, and she saw Cousin Margaret raise her eyebrows slightly. "This is one of our own turkeys," Cousin Margaret said.

"It's delicious," Millie told her. "Delicious."

"*We* think so. We think nothing tastes as fine as our own birds. Don't we, Harry?"

Mr. Reade looked up from his plate. "What's that?" he asked.

"I was just saying to Millie that nothing seems to taste as fine as one of our own birds," his wife said.

After dinner, Cousin Harry went to his study and closed the door, and Cousin Margaret and Millie sat in the library knitting until it was time to go to the dance. When Cousin Margaret heard the car draw up and stop under the porte-cochère, she put her knitting away and stood up. "Come, Millie," she said. "Get your wrap."

Millie went upstairs and took her coat with the mink collar from the closet and put it on. Cousin Margaret frowned when she met her in the hall. "You can't wear that," she said. "It's too tailored. Didn't you bring an evening wrap?"

"No," Millie answered. "I didn't. It was stupid of me, but my bag is so small."

"Well," Cousin Margaret said. "You'll have to wear my mandarin coat. Run up and get it. You'll find it in my closet, to the far right."

The mandarin coat was too short and the silk felt cold against Millie's bare arms. In the car she sat huddled in one corner and held the coat closed around her throat. "The drawing's to be at half past ten," Cousin Margaret said. "We'll find a nice, cozy corner. But first we'll look at the blankets. I want you to see them. They're homespun, from Nova Scotia."

Mrs. Fletcher's house was brilliantly lighted, and they could hear the orchestra playing as they walked up the front steps. In the hall near the door stood a long table, its top covered with things for sale: cigarette cases, compacts, and pins, all marked with the British seal. Cousin Margaret stopped to look at them. She picked up one of the pins and held it against her coat. "It's really very pretty, isn't it?" she asked. "And only two dollars."

She put it down on the table and fished in her bag. "Here's your ticket, Millie. And here's mine."

Millie took the pin from the table again. "You must let me, Cousin Margaret," she said. "After all, you did pay for my ticket."

"Well, yes, I did," Cousin Margaret said. "But I don't want you to feel you *have* to." She opened her coat and fastened the pin to the shoulder of her dress.

Millie handed her ten-dollar bill to the young woman in charge of the table and stuffed the change into her bag.

The double doors between the dining room and the living room had been thrown open to make room for the dancers. Mrs. Fletcher sat on a gilt sofa at the far end of the dining room. A little distance in front of her was the table which held the prizes and a large wicker basket full of cardboard slips for the drawing. Cousin Margaret and Millie made their way around the side of the room to where she sat, and Cousin Margaret greeted her affectionately, stooping to kiss her on the cheek. "What a lovely party, dear Carrie!" she said. "Lovely!"

"Lovely!" Millie echoed. "All the girls in their pretty dresses."

Mrs. Fletcher smiled at them complacently. "It does look nice," she agreed. "I do think Robert's little girl looks so sweet in her costume." She pointed to a child, dressed in pantalettes, a poke bonnet, and a crinoline gown, who was selling cigarettes from a tray.

"She's a beautiful child," Cousin Margaret said. "Millie, as you're the only smoker here, you must buy some cigarettes from her."

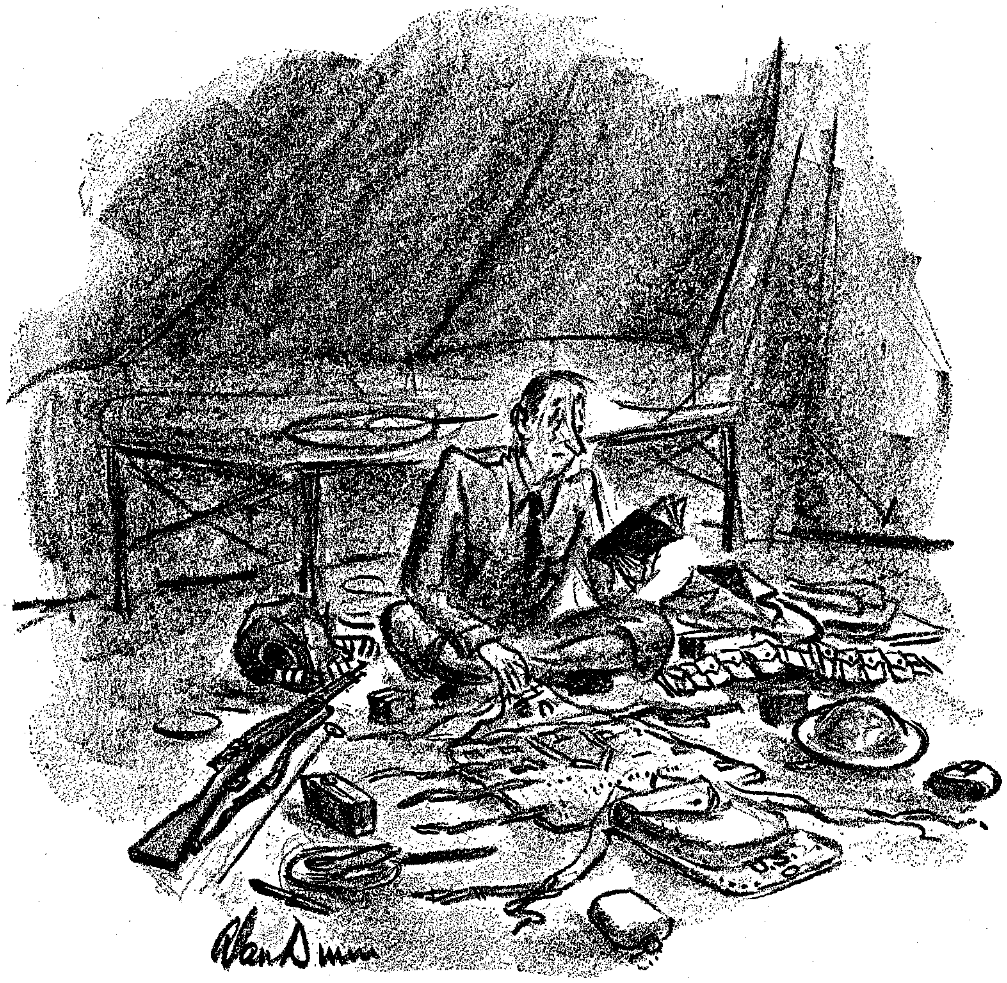
The cigarettes were thirty-five cents.

Mrs. Reade sat down and settled comfortably back on the couch. "I do love to see young people dancing," she said. "When is the drawing, Carrie dear?"

"Not until the last ticket is sold," Mrs. Fletcher answered firmly. She picked up a book of tickets from the table. "I have a whole book left. Why don't you take it, Margaret, and then we can start?"

Mrs. Reade's voice was equally firm. "I have five," she said. "You take it, Carrie."

"Oh," Mrs. Fletcher said. "I've bought and bought until I really don't



"The infantry pack has been scientifically designed after much study and experience. It is carried in the same manner that an Indian squaw carries her papoose. . . . To pack the haversack . . . place two cans of meat component end to end, parallel to and in front of can of hard bread. Place other can of hard bread in front of cans of meat component, and toilet articles and socks in front of hard bread. . . ."

see how I can give any more. I've taken a dozen compacts. I thought they would make sweet little Christmas gifts for next year, you know. And goodness knows how many pins! People have been so kind. Did I tell you that Joe Severino contributed all the ice? I thought, under the circumstances, it was unusually thoughtful of him."

"I'll take the book," Millie said suddenly.

The two old women looked at her, and she felt the impact of their pleasure. "Now, that's really sweet of you, Millie," Cousin Margaret said. She turned to Mrs. Fletcher. "Millie has bought one book already, and this dear little pin for me."

Mrs. Fletcher got up heavily. "Now we can begin the drawing," she said. She walked over and spoke to the orchestra leader. The music stopped and the drummer rolled his drums and brought his cymbals together with a crash. Mrs. Fletcher waited until everyone in the room was quiet. Then she spoke loudly. "My dear friends," she said, "before we begin the raffle I would like to thank all those who have contributed their time and energies toward making this dance a success." She fumbled in her bag, brought out a list, and began reading from it. "First, I would like to thank the boys and girls of the Clinton School, who contributed their dimes and nickels and presented us with eighteen dollars and thirty-five cents for the relief fund." There was a sharp round of applause, and Mrs. Fletcher cleared her throat. "To the Boy Scouts, who gave us eleven dollars and twenty-one cents, and to the Girl Scouts, who donated six dollars, two beautifully knit sweaters, and six pairs of socks." She held up her hand as another wave of applause began. "To Hap Harvey's Merrymakers, who are providing us with such delightful music this evening at a nominal cost. To Bonoff's Liquor Store, who contributed so generously to the excellent punch, which I hope you will buy; to Joe Severino, who gave the ice for the punch; and to the town's storekeepers, Mrs. Goldhamer, Mr. Harris, Miss Hultgren, Mr. Rauss, Mr. Altheim, and Miss Robey, who contributed the prizes, which we will now raffle. I am going to ask my little granddaughter, Jean, to draw the numbers."

The effort of talking so loud had made Mrs. Fletcher's face very red, and she was puffing slightly as she walked back to the sofa. The basket containing the numbers for the drawing was covered and shaken thoroughly, and Jean Fletcher was blindfolded. There was a breathless silence as she drew the first number. Mrs. Fletcher took it from her and read it. "Number 729," she said. The room was still as people looked at their tickets. "Number 729," she repeated. "Who has the winning ticket for this pair of fine, homespun blankets?"

Millie Osborne gasped. "I have," she said.

A look of supreme annoyance flashed across Cousin Margaret's face. "Well, don't just sit there, Millie," she said. "Get up and take them."

Millie walked to the table and picked up the blankets. She bowed and smiled and carried them back to the sofa.

"Here," Cousin Margaret said, "I'll hold them for you. I must say I do think it's rather a shame *I* didn't get them when I had my heart set on them. With *five* books of tickets, too."

Millie's laugh was apologetic. "Why, I had no idea!" she cried. "I've never won anything in my life! I can't believe it!"

She leaned over and put one hand on the blankets, looking down at them. "I'm terribly sorry," she said. "I don't see why . . ." She raised her eyes. Cousin Margaret sat watching her eagerly. She looked, Millie thought, like a rather greedy old hen. Millie took the blankets from her lap and replaced them on the table. "I don't see why," she went on, "I shouldn't give them back and let Mrs. Fletcher auction them off to the highest bidder."

Cousin Margaret's eyes were opaque and cold.

Millie smiled softly. "It will help a lot, dear Cousin Margaret," she said. "And it's for charity, you know."

—Sally Benson

CRISIS IN THE SPRING

Suppose that It lasted.
Suppose that beyond the most uniformed dreams of the very most uniformed
dreamers,
It lasted and came to be the normal thing—
all fitful senators tamed, all bottlenecks broken,
all flowing smoothly, all out. . . .

Then when something started to brew,
sporadically at first, of course—
here a crisis, there a crisis,
then everywhere a crisis, crisis—
wouldn't *that* something be bound to be peace?
And shouldn't we be prepared?

For peace can be a sudden thing
like spring, you know, like spring.

There would be symptoms, unquestionably, for the noting of the watchful:
a ferryboat might bump and sink a sleeping submarine
("AN ACT OF PEACE," headlines would shout),
or a blockade-runner might die of old age;
and the forgetful might think M-Day was that Sunday in mid-May when boys
send flowers to their mothers;
some great and sprawling nation might—
carelessly, like a man exhaling—
relax and draw its boundaries in
(an Act of Regression, all would agree);
and somewhere in France a crocus might suddenly push its way through a
hangar floor.

Committees would be formed, no doubt,
to save the country's way of life,
but this would be a futile thing,

for peace can spread as fast as spring,
as fast and wild and soft as spring.

—Judd Polk

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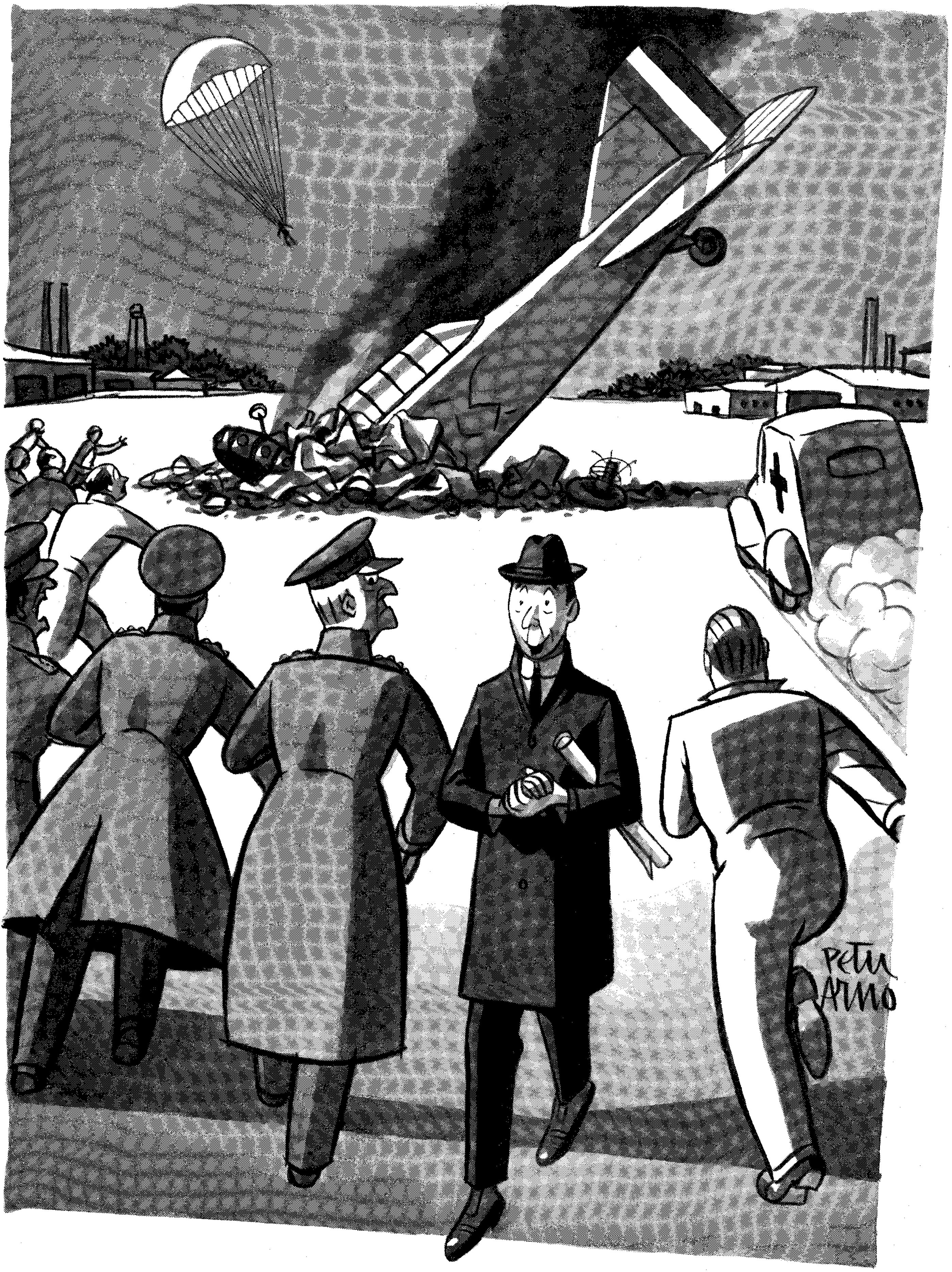


"Well, back to the old drawing board."

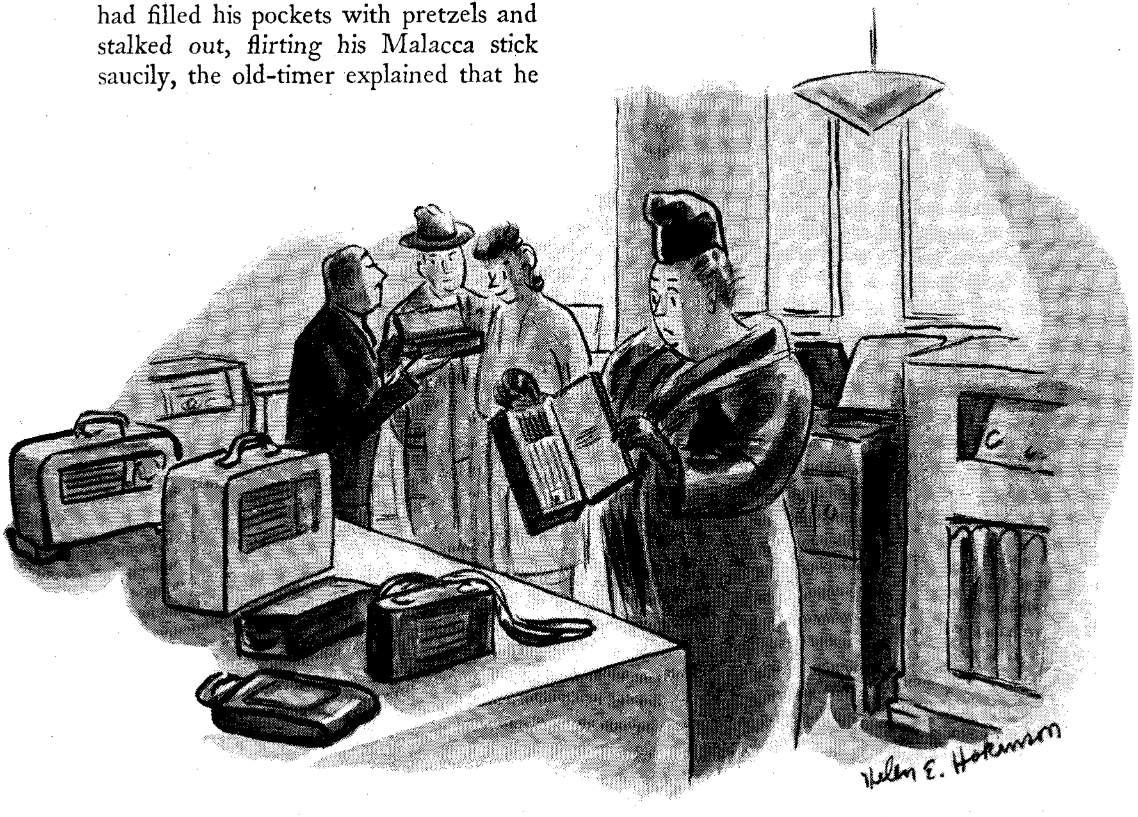
DAYS OF INNOCENCE

II—SLAVES OF BEAUTY

THE first artist I ever saw in the flesh was an Irishman wearing a seedy checked suit, a purple Windsor tie, a Malacca stick, and a boutonnière consisting of two pink rosebuds fastened together with tin foil. This was in a saloon in Baltimore in the year 1899, and I remember saying to myself that he certainly looked the part. It appeared at once that he also acted it, for when the bartender hinted that the price of beer was still five cents a glass, cash on delivery, the artist first snuffled up what remained of the foam in his schooner and then replied calmly that it was to be charged to his account.

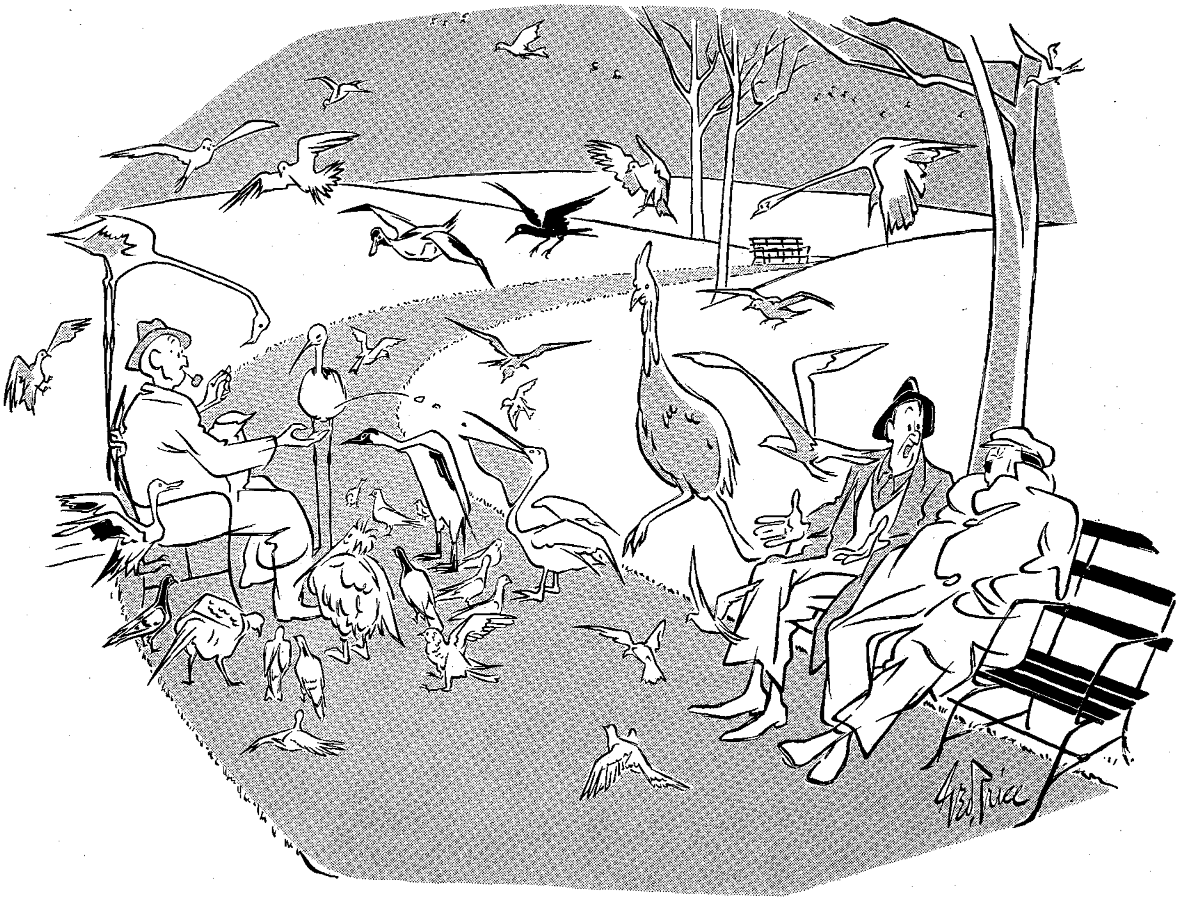
I was in those days a cub reporter on a newspaper and full of an innocent delight in the wonders of the world. The decaying veteran at my side—he had been sent out to break me in, always at my expense for the drinks—whispered romantically that the artist had spent his last ten cents for the boutonnière. It had been bought of a street vendor in front of Police Headquarters, a one-armed man who was reputed to get his stock by raiding colored graveyards by night. This vendor trusted no one below the rank of a police lieutenant, so the rosebuds had to be paid for, but bartenders showed more confidence in humanity. After the artist had filled his pockets with pretzels and stalked out, flirting his Malacca stick saucily, the old-timer explained that he was honorable above the common and always paid his reckonings in the long run. "Whenever," I was informed, "some rich woman gets stuck on him, or he sells a drawing to a comic paper, he goes around town settling up. Once I saw him lay out seventeen dollars in one night. He had to clear out of Ireland in a cattle boat. There was a duke packing a gun for him."

I never saw this marvel again, for a few days later he was shanghaied on the Baltimore waterfront, and when, after a couple of months of bitter winter weather down Chesapeake Bay, he escaped from the oyster fleet by legging it over the ice, he made tracks for Canada and the protection of the Union Jack, leaving more than one bartender to mourn him. But in the course of the next half-dozen years, first as a reporter, then as the Sunday editor of a newspaper, and finally in the austere eminence of a city editor, I made acquaintance with many other artists of the sort that then infested journalism, and acquired a lot of useful professional information about their habits and customs. They ranged from respectable married men with families (sometimes, indeed, with two families) down to wastrels who floated into our office from points South or West, remained only long enough to lift an overcoat and two or three bottles of Higgins' drawing ink, and then vanished as mysteriously as they had come. Not a few of them even neglected to draw their pay—always to the indignation of the office cashier, who had to carry a small and incredible overage on his books until he got up nerve enough to stage a party with it for the city editor and so discharge his debt for theatre passes. But whatever the differences separating these aesthetic brethren into classes and categories, they all had certain traits in common, mostly productive of headaches to editors. Each and every one of them looked down his nose at the literati of journalism and laughed at them as Philistines almost comparable to bartenders or policemen. One and all had an almost supernatural talent for getting out of the way when fire broke out in a medical college or orphan asylum and there were loud yells for illustrative art. And so far as I can recall, there was never one who failed, soon or late, to sneak something scandalous into a picture at the last moment, to the delight the next morning of every soul in town save what we then called the moral element.



"Listen, lug, I'm giving you just one hour to get out of town—"

I WRITE, of course, of an era long past and by most persons forgotten, and I have no doubt that artists are now much changed, whether on newspapers or off. Some time ago a man in charge of the art department of a great metropolitan daily told me that fully a third of his men read the *Congressional Record*, and that most of the rest had joined the C.I.O. He even alleged that there were two teetotallers among them, not to mention a Sunday-school superintendent. In my time nothing of the sort was heard of. The newspaper artists of that day were all careless fellows, with no sense of social responsibility. Their *beau idéal* was still the Rodolfo of "La Bohème," and if not Rodolfo, then some salient whiskey drummer, burlesque manager, or other Elk; for the contemporaneous Ickeses, Hulls, Ma Perkinses, Bishop Mannings, and John L. Lewises they had only razzberries. Long before naked women were the commonplaces of every rotogravure supplement—indeed, long before rotogravure supplements were invented—large drawings of ladies in the altogether, usually done in the then fashionable sepia chalk, decorated the walls of every newspaper art department in America. It was believed by young reporters that artists spent all their leisure in the company of such luscious creatures, and had their confidence. Even the most innocent young reporter, of course, was aware that they used no living models in their work, for everyone had noted how they systematically swiped from one another, so a new aspect of the human frame, or of a dog's, or cat's, or elephant's frame, once it had appeared in a single newspaper in the United States, quickly reappeared in all the rest. But the artists fostered the impression that they did hand-painted oil paintings direct from nature unadorned on their days off. They let it be known that they were free spirits and much superior to the general, and in that character they sniffed at righteousness, whether on the high levels of political and economic theory or the low ones of ordinary police regulations.



"*You mean he does it with just bread crumbs?*"

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I well recall the snobbish rage of a primeval comic-strip artist whom I once rebuked in the capacity of city editor for using the office photographic equipment to make counterfeit five-dollar bills. It was on a Sunday morning, and I had dropped into the office for some reason forgotten. Hearing me shuffling around, he bounced out of the darkroom with a magnificent life-size photograph of a fiver and invited me to admire it. I knew it would be useless to argue with him, but I was hardly prepared for his moral indignation when I grabbed the phony, tore it up, and made off to the darkroom to smash the plate. He apparently regarded my action not only as a personal insult but also as an *attentat* against human enlightenment. If the word "bourgeois" had been in circulation at the time, he would have flung it at me. As it was, he confined himself to likening my antipathy to counterfeit money to a Methodist's aversion to sound malt liquor, and laughed derisively at all the laws on the statute books, from those against adultery to those prohibiting setting fire to zoos. I fired him on the spot, but took him back the next day, for good comic-strip artists were even more rare in that remote age than they are today.

Another whom I fired—for what reason I forget—refused to come back when I sent for him, and I found on inquiry that he had got a job making sideshow fronts for a one-ring circus. He produced such alarming bearded ladies, two-headed boys, and wild men of Borneo that the circus went through the Valley of Virginia like wildfire, and in a little while he had orders from four or five of its rivals. By the end of a year he was the principal producer of sideshow fronts south of the Mason and Dixon Line and had three or four other artists working for him. Also, he had a new girl, and she appeared in public in clothes of very advanced cut and presently took to drink. Undaunted, he acquired another, and, when she ran away with a minstrel-show press agent, followed with a third, a fourth, and so on. Finally one of them opened on him with a revolver, and he departed for York, Pa. When he returned to Baltimore his business had been seized by his assistants, and the last I heard of him he was working for a third-rate installment house, making improbable line drawings of parlor lamps, overstuffed sofas, washing machines, and the like. Not a few of the artists of that time went the same sad route. Starting out in life as painters of voluptuous nudes in the manner of Bouguereau, they finished as cogs in the mass production of line drawings of ladies' underwear.

In the prime of this fellow I had a visit one day from a sacerdotal acquaintance—a Baptist clergyman who pastored a church somewhere in the tidewater Carolinas. His customers, he told me, had lately made a great deal of money growing peanuts, and a new brick church was approaching completion in his parish. In this church was a large concrete baptismal tank—the largest, in fact, south of Cape Hatteras—and it was fitted with all the latest gadgets, including a boiler downstairs to warm the water in cold weather. What it still lacked, said the pastor, was a suitable fancy background, and he had come to see me for advice and help on that point. Would it be possible to have a scene painted showing some of the principal events of sacred history? If so, who would be a good man to paint it? I thought at once of my sideshow-front friend, and in a little while I found him in a barrel house and persuaded him to see the pastor.

The result was probably the most impressive work of ecclesiastic art ever seen on this or any other earth. On a canvas fifteen feet high and nearly forty feet long, the artist shot the works, from the Creation as described in Genesis I to the revolting events set forth in Revelation XIII. Noah was there with his ark, and so was Solomon in all his glory. No less than ten New Testament miracles were depicted in detail, with the one at Cana naturally given the place of honor, and there were at least a dozen battles of one sort or another, including that between David and Goliath. The Tower of Babel was made so high that it oozed out of the top of the painting, and there were two separate views of Jerusalem. The sky showed a dozen rainbows and as many flashes of lightning, and from a very red sea in the foreground was thrust the maw of Jonah's whale, with Jonah himself shinning out of it to join Moses and the children of Israel on the beach. This masterpiece was completed in ten days and brought $200 cash—the price of ten sideshow fronts. When it was hung in the new Baptist church, it wrecked all the other evangelical congregations of the lower Atlantic littoral, and people came from as far away as Cleveland, Tenn., and Gainesville, Ga., to wash out their sins in the tank and admire the art. The artist himself was invited to submit to the process but replied that he was forbidden in conscience, for he professed to be an infidel.

THE cops of those days, insofar as they were aware of artists at all, accepted them at their own valuation, and thus regarded them with considerable suspicion. If they were not actually on the level of waterfront crimps, dope peddlers, and piano-players in houses of shame, they at least belonged somewhere south of sporty doctors, professional bondsmen, and handbooks. This attitude once cost an artist of my acquaintance his liberty for three weeks, though he was innocent of any misdemeanor. On a cold winter night he and his girl made a roaring wood fire in the fireplace of his fourth-floor studio and settled down to listen to a phonograph, then a novelty in the world. The glare of the blaze, shining red through the cobwebbed windows, led a passing cop to assume that the house was afire, and he turned in an alarm. When the firemen came roaring up, only to discover that the fire was in a fireplace, the cop covered his chagrin by collaring the artist and charging him with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. There was no truth in this whatever, for the lady was at least twenty-five years old and had come from a reformatory, but the captain at the station house, hearing that the culprit was an artist, ordered him held for investigation, and he was in the cooler three weeks before his girl managed to round up a committee of social-minded saloonkeepers to demand his release. The cops finally let him go with a warning, and for the rest of that winter no artist in Baltimore dared to make a fire.

BUT it was not only artists themselves who suffered from the harsh uncharitableness of the world; they also conveyed their ill luck to their nonprofessional intimates. I never knew an artist's girl to marry anyone above a jail guard or third-string jockey, and all the early photoengravers came to bad ends, usually violent. But the most unfortunate camp follower of art that I ever encountered was a German saloonkeeper named Kuno Something-or-Other, who had a great many newspapermen among his customers. A couple of artists were in the lot, and when he opened a new saloon in 1900 they offered to decorate its bare walls for the drinks, with an occasional bite to eat. Kuno jumped at the chance, and the first two of what was to be a long series of volunteers moved in on him. The pair daubed away for four or five hours a day, and it seemed to Kuno to be an excellent trade, for the artists attracted many aesthetes, who patronized the bar while they watched them. But at the end of a week, casting up accounts with his bartender, Kuno found that he was really breaking less than even, for while the credit side showed eight or ten square feet of wall embellished with beautiful girls in flimsy underwear, the debit side ran to twenty-seven meals and three hundred and fifty beers, all consumed by the artists.

Worse, the fellows' heirs and assigns were even hungrier and thirstier, and by the time one wall of the saloon was finished, Kuno was in the red for more than five hundred meals and nearly seven thousand beers, not to mention innumerable whiskeys and a couple of barrels of paint. The easy way out would have been to call a halt, but he loved beauty too much for that. Instead, he spent his days watching the work in progress and his nights trying to figure out how much he would be set back by the time it was finished. In the end these mathematical exercises unbalanced his mind, and he prepared to destroy himself, leaving his saloon half done, like a woman with one cheek made up and the other washed.

His exitus set an all-time high for elaborateness. He came from Frankfurt-an-der-Oder and was a Prussian for thoroughness. Going down to the Long Bridge, which spanned the Patapsco below Baltimore, he climbed on the rail, fastened a long rope to it, looped the other end around his neck, swallowed a dose of poison, shot himself through the head, and leaped into the river. The old-time cops of Baltimore still astound rookies with his saga. He remains the most protean performer they have ever attended.

—H. L. Mencken

●

Q.—How may slightly soiled playing cards be cleaned?

A.—They are made by stringing pieces of meat, quarters of onions and two-inch pieces of bacon on sticks in alternate layers and broiling them over coals. Either beef or lamb cut in one-inch cubes may be used. Veal kidneys, either alone or in combination with pieces of lean meat, add interest to kabobs. For well-done meat, allow space between the pieces; for rare meat, pack them closely together.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Any other questions?

ENEMY

THIS is a strange story, and there is nothing stranger about it than that it should be I who have to tell it. For again and again there has presented itself in my mind, quite uninvited, the thesis that clairvoyance is a dangerous gift; that the power to see what lies hidden in the distance, or, worse still, in the future, is a dangerous interference with the normal process of the universe which is bound to cause dislocation and suffering. Consciously, I have never seen why this should be so. It seemed to me a piece of prudential bogey-bogey talk, such as Polonius would have committed. I have resented its presence in my thoughts and have done what I could to excise it. At any time I would have argued against it.

When the *Blitzkrieg* broke over London it found my husband and myself in possession of two homes: one an apartment in the Central District, and the other a small house with seventy acres attached to it, fifty miles out in the country. We were extremely attached to our apartment, in which we had lived ever since our marriage, and it contained some objects that we liked very much: over four thousand books, hardly any of them prettily bound and, thank God, almost no first editions except presentation copies, and most of them relevant to one or another of the more important enterprises of the human mind; we had also some furniture which is soundly and pleasantly made, though not of great value, save for a delicate giant of a Queen Anne bookcase, which holds some six hundred books and looks like a weightless decoration against a wall. We had a few pictures we liked, and some agreeable French carpets. And above all, we knew where everything was, where the light fell best for reading, where the radiator cover made the warmest stand for a cup of coffee as one turned over the newspapers.

The house in the country was newly acquired. We had concentrated on the land. The house was still desolate. I knew none of its amiabilities, none of the corners that offered light and warmth and comfort. The painters had but recently gone, the electricians had scarcely come, and the sockets for the wall lights still looked like snakes' holes in the plaster. Under dust sheets stood some essential furniture, visibly moping. I was determined to put the house in order slowly and placidly. All my life I had had to hurry; I was going to take this at leisure. It must be remembered that in those days invasion was the principal danger we anticipated, and it looked as if people would be safer in London than in the country, so I was not shirking my duty to any *évacués*.

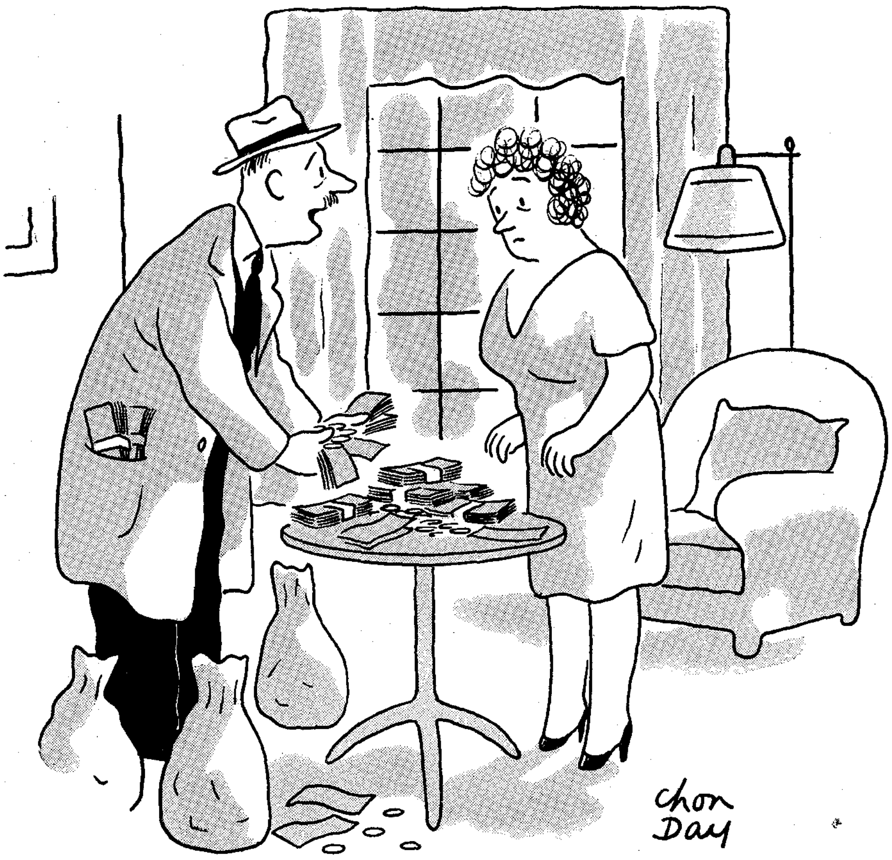
AFTER the *Blitzkrieg* passed through its gentler preliminary stages and became murderous, my plan still seemed good. I can say perfectly truthfully that I did not want to leave London. This is far from saying that I did not find the raids unutterably terrible. There is no impersonal event I know that can stir and disturb and horrify, touching the same depths that are explored by the death of a father or a mother, like the sight of one's city in flames. That pain I have felt over and over again, and rage at the homelessness of the bombed poor. Nevertheless, for reasons which, as it will presently appear, had nothing to do with courage, the sound of a bursting bomb has never yet violently incommoded me. The sound of a missile dropped in my direction from an airplane has, illogically enough, never yet set my entrails writhing as they used to do during my flight in the safest of airplanes, even in the old faithfuls that trudged between Paris and London.

So every night I spread my mattress in the private shelter of the apartment house and slept through the bombings, and I accounted for my apathy as coming from realization of the odds, still astronomically large, against my being killed in any one air raid. But one morning, after the murderous *Blitzkrieg* had been raging for about ten days, I woke

"I turned my ankle and this gentleman was kind enough . . ."

up with a conviction that we ought to leave London at once. It was not an intense, tragical conviction; it was more sensible and practical. It was not as if someone had said, "If you do not go away at once, you will be killed." It was rather as if I had been told, "If you stay here, you will have a nasty attack of sinusitis." I called to my husband, who was in his dressing room. "Have you enough petrol to drive us down to the country without waiting for next month's ration?" I asked him when he appeared. He answered, "Yes, more than enough." I said, "Then drive us down tonight." He was overjoyed, because he had long been trying to persuade me to leave London. "I have the strangest feeling," I explained, "that this is the right time for us to go. Something horrible will happen to us if we stay here another twenty-four hours." "That," said my husband, "seems not improbable." "It isn't a question of probability," I said waspishly. "I know it will. And you must take the holidays that are due to you now, without waiting." "That I can't do," he objected. "If I drive you down tonight, I will have to come back early tomorrow morning, for I can't possibly begin my holidays till Monday." "Well, that will do," I said, as if I were making calculations, which I was not, for I had no basis for them. "Moreover," he added, "I can only take them in installments, two or three or four days at a time." "That will do," I said again, full of a mystical assurance.

Delighted, he went back to his dressing room. But when I was alone, it occurred to me that the premonition which now possessed me was truly too obviously a smoke screen put up by the fear I had been wholly and unnaturally suppressing throughout the last ten days. Also, the prospect of moving into an unknown and unwelcoming house seemed grim and burdensome. I shot out of bed and went into the dressing room. "I am talking nonsense," I said. "Of course I will stay here." Rapidly my husband put on an act. "Of course you will not!" he said, with a great show of exasperation. "There is no earthly reason why you should not go to the country, and if you take the cook and the housemaid, that will be three people less in the shelter here, and I must say I think it only fair that us poor dogs who work in the Ministries should have space to stretch out our mattresses at full length." I yielded, and sometimes during that day and subsequent days I thought I was governed by this very reasonable point of view. But I knew all the time that it was my obscure conviction of foreknowledge that was guiding me.



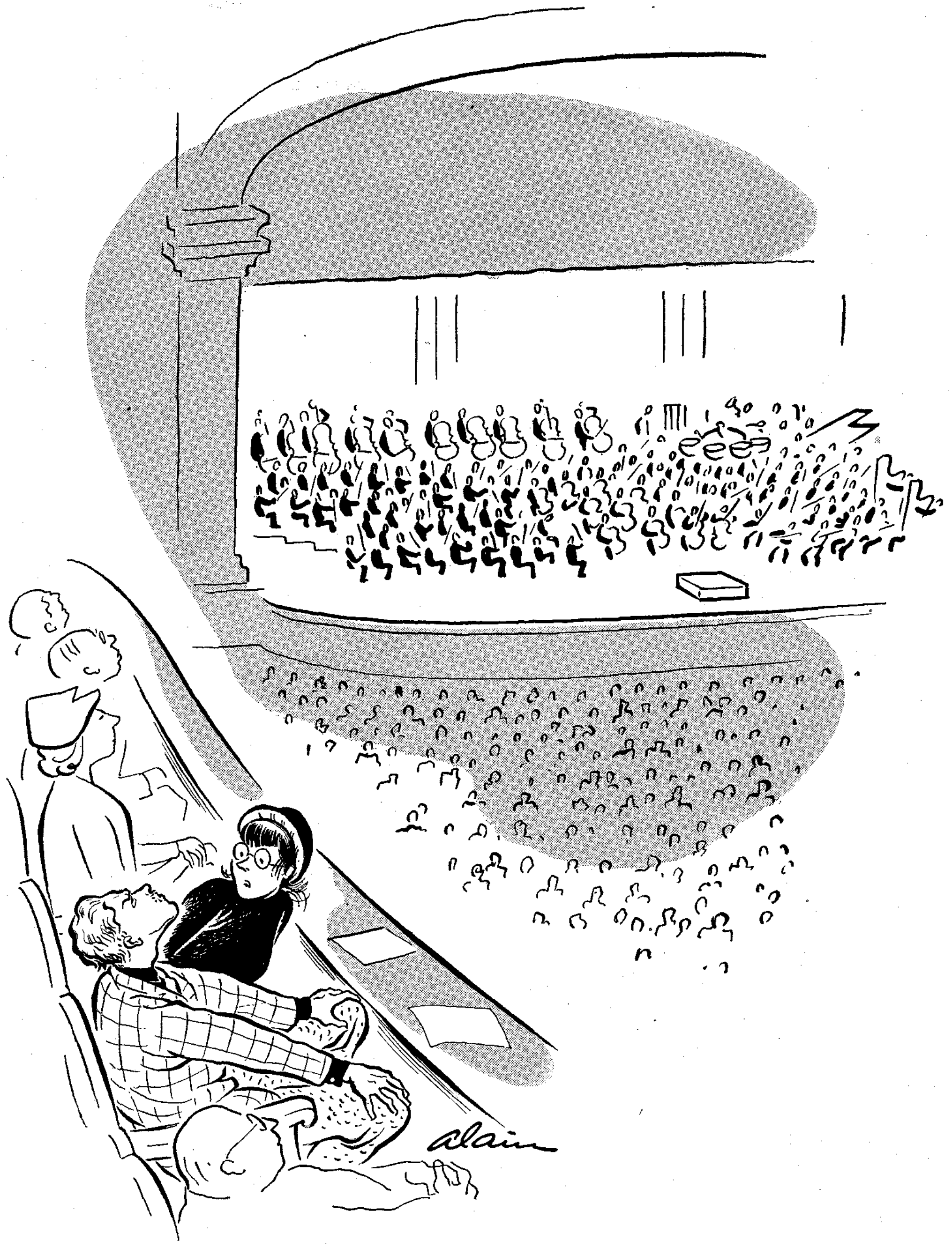
"And then they asked me a $75,000 question and I answered that right, too."

That evening my husband and I took the cook and the housemaid in the automobile, with a few pictures, our winter clothes, some kitchen utensils, and some household linen, and set out for the country. Some hours later a bomb fell in front of our apartment house, made a crater big enough to hold a couple of railway locomotives, and sent large portions of the roadway onto a roof a hundred and thirty feet above. We were told next day that it made the steel and concrete of the apartment shelters rock like a ship at sea. The woman whose mattress lies beside mine said she felt it drop from under her, and then the floor brought it back with a crack. About three in the morning a time bomb was dropped in back of the apartment house. Then all the people in the shelter in our house were told to leave and go to a public shelter about two hundred yards away. This was already nearly full and could take only half a dozen of them. The remaining hundred and fifty or so had to walk for nearly a quarter of a mile to another public shelter, with the shells from the barrage bursting overhead and a drift of broken glass underfoot.

This was not a spectacular justification of my premonition, but it was good enough. I would have extremely disliked such an experience, which, in the opinion of all those who suffered it, was extravagantly worth missing. But the real proof of my premonition's validity was the way it followed up this first success. My husband let me choose the days when he should take his intermittent holidays and the days when he should work at the Ministry, and my guide never chose wrong. The nights my husband spent in the country, the Germans dropped bombs all round our apartment house and once laid an egg—but it was a dud—on our roof. The nights my husband spent in London brought short and relatively unsuccessful raids. I always went up to town for one or two nights of the periods when he was working, and I never failed to choose the mildest nights of these milder spells.

MY premonition did some more good work when I set about getting the country house into good running order, which was necessary now, for it was to be used as a dormitory where workers from the London area could come three at a time for a few nights' unbroken sleep when they had got to the end of their tether. I could always foretell when it was going to be easy to get about London to make arrangements, when there would be few raids and few detours round damaged property and time bombs. I secured three vans, and thus was able to remove our most cherished belongings from the apartment to the country. The house in the country became not only habitable but amiable, and the furniture, which made it comfortable and welcoming, escaped a sordid doom. For the increasing force and volume of our barrage sent shrapnel through our windows in town and, by some odd freak, machine-gun bullets spattered the wall where the Queen Anne bookcase had been standing. And day by day dust declared itself as one of the plagues of a raided city. Clap a book between you and the sunlight and see what clouds arise, and guess what happens to the circumambient air when a five-story house is crushed into matchwood.

Last of all I got out about a thousand of my books. I held my hand after that and let other people's beds take precedence. But some books I had to take, for they were acquiring a new and tragic value. Many of ours had been published in Paris and Berlin, Vienna and Prague, Rome and Belgrade. To order them now from a bookseller would be like asking him for the *Lunar Times*. I was glad to get over this final phase of the removal, for it seemed to me that people were beginning to show signs of strain. Even the porters at our apartment house, usually the most amiable and helpful of men, had become grumpy and obstructive. When I was getting the books away, I was actually hampered by one of the older men, who had offered to help me but perplexed and annoyed me by his moony surliness. Once, while he was giving me a hand with some volumes so rare that I wanted to put them not in a lorry but in our automobile, I missed him, and found him lagging behind, staring with peculiar concentration at the cover of Von Le Coq's "Manichaeischen Miniaturen." I asked him to give it to me, and he looked up and said, with disconcerting irrelevance and glumness, "Would you be staying here tonight, or are you going down to the country?"



"Not yet, Michael. They're just tuning up."

• •

MY country house immediately justified its existence. The very day it became habitable, I was able to take in a relative of mine, a woman doctor who, worked to the limit of her strength because of the raids, was struck down by influenza. When she was convalescent I came up to town to do a day's chores and spend the night, full of that cheerfulness which comes of finding something useful to do in a crisis and being transformed from a passive victim into a combatant.

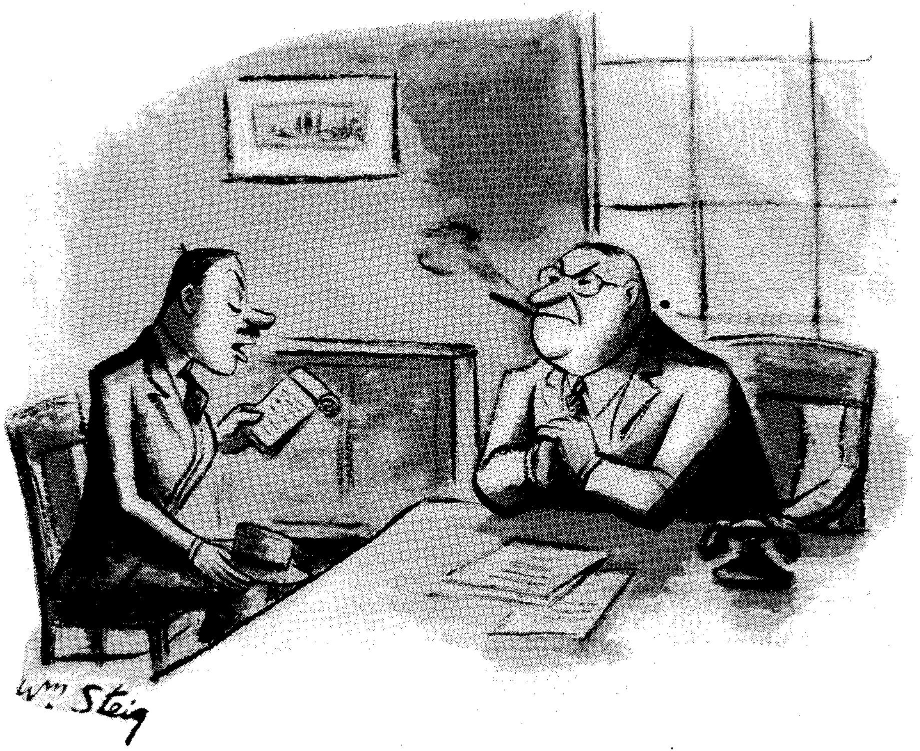
I was jarred when I arrived at my apartment house, because I received the chilliest of welcomes from the porters. When I paused to ask one how his wife and newborn baby were getting on, he hardly answered me. I hurried out and got a tooth filled in a dental chair facing a window from which a bomb had removed every trace of glass some hours before. But I was tempted back to my apartment by the opportunity it offered to enjoy the luxury of telephoning. Electricity had been restored to us a couple of days after the bomb had exploded in front of the house, water after a week, gas after ten days (though in too feeble a condition to be of much use), but the telephone had been out of order till that very day. In the elevator, however, I was waylaid by one of my most agreeable neighbors—a young woman gaily given to good works. She told me she was helping at a nursing home that had been turned into a hostel for some East Enders who, collected in a school in south London because they had been bombed out of their homes, had also been bombed out of that. The women were in grievous need of clothes, and she wondered if I had any I could give. I had been hoarding all my clothes for years against just such a happening, so I took the young woman into my apartment and asked her to wait while I stripped my cupboards.

I was embarrassed when I came to fill the suitcase, for I had a foolish impulse to include what it had been foolish to store in the first place. Since my childhood, I had read jeering attacks on the silly women who, asked to send clothes to the victims of catastrophe, contributed their old evening dresses. Now I was doing the very same thing, and there they lay, blatantly idiotic among the appropriate jerseys and serges. Yet I felt compelled to pack them. Afterward I went with my young neighbor to the hostel, and there I laid my brightly colored rags of satin and chiffon and brocade out on a table in the matron's parlor, alongside the more serviceable garments. At that moment there came into the room half a dozen Jewish girls, who cried out with joy and snatched at them. Everything they had been given, they said, was so drab, and now they could cut these up into blouses and scarves and have "a little style" about them. As they looked at the gay fabrics, their faces, dulled and thickened by shock and anxiety, brightened. Yet I felt no relief, no exoneration, nothing but a heavy sense of apprehension. It was as if the pieces were fitting together too neatly and a process were starting before my eyes which I could not understand and therefore could not control.

WE went out through a hall where some of these homeless people, sitting in a brown-paper darkness diffused by the feeble lamps which are all that the blackout permits us, were trying to install a radio of ancient pattern, hampered by the poor light and, I suspected, by imperfect knowledge. I would have cried, but as I went along the street I was distracted by my realization that my companion was talking with the false brightness which comes of embarrassment. My impression grew, and I was not surprised when she asked if she might go back to my apartment with me, as she had something to say in confidence.

I set her down in an armchair in my lounge and gave her a cigarette, wondering what was to come—a request for a subscription, a proposal that I should take some victim into my house in the country, or perhaps a hint that I had offended another tenant by an inadvertent breach of shelter etiquette, an unwritten code that has in the last few weeks become subtle and complicated. But instead she said, "I think I ought to tell you that there is an absurd story going about that you are a Nazi agent."

I was at first stunned with astonishment, then I was convulsed, to the point of shaking from head to foot, with rage. Also, I was extremely frightened. I know how inhuman and foolish people can become in wartime, and I knew how the Nazis had poisoned trust throughout Europe by their bribery of Quislings and Rost van Tonningens, which had made it true that a man need not be a lunatic to suspect his own brother. I stammered, "But, I, I of all people, I who have proved my hatred of Nazism! I who attacked it from the beginning, who have made heavy sacrifices rather than hold my tongue, who have worked against them abroad! Who has started this absurd story?"



"At three-fifteen she went into Liggett's and had a ham on toast and a pineapple malted. We lost her after that."

She said, "I think it is chiefly the porters. You see, they notice things, and sometimes they misunderstand them. You travelled a lot before the war. They saw you start off and return, and they remember it now. And then you've a lot of German books, haven't you? They have been telling the servants that there were a great many German books among those you sent down to the country the other day. Also, they say you're so cheerful and unperturbed it's as if the raids quite suited you."

The reason for my serenity I obviously could not tell her. It seemed too crazy. But the rest I could discuss. "This does not make sense," I said. "Innumerable people travel and possess German books, and nobody thinks any the worse of them." I remembered the old porter staring at the cover of Von Le Coq's innocent recovery of the ashes of an ancient faith, and pondered. I felt sure that his suspicion of the strange words and outlandish lettering might account for some of the misgivings that were felt about me, but not all. There remained that dark thought, whatever it was, which had lurked behind his heavy, peevish, unexpected inquiry about whether I was going to stay that night in town or go down to the country. I said, "I am quite sure there must be something more."

"There is," she owned. "It's all stuff and nonsense, and of course I know it's absurd, but here it is. They say you are always away when the raids are bad, and that you always come back when they get better, and that you must be tipped off from Germany when the district is going to be bombed and when it isn't, because it's happened too often for it to be mere chance."

I was conscious of a most uncomfortable feeling. It was as if I had put up my hand to my neck and found there a noose which somebody had slipped over my head when my attention was busy elsewhere. But I could slip it off again. That was the point. This I found myself saying across a room that for a second seemed to be oddly different, to be

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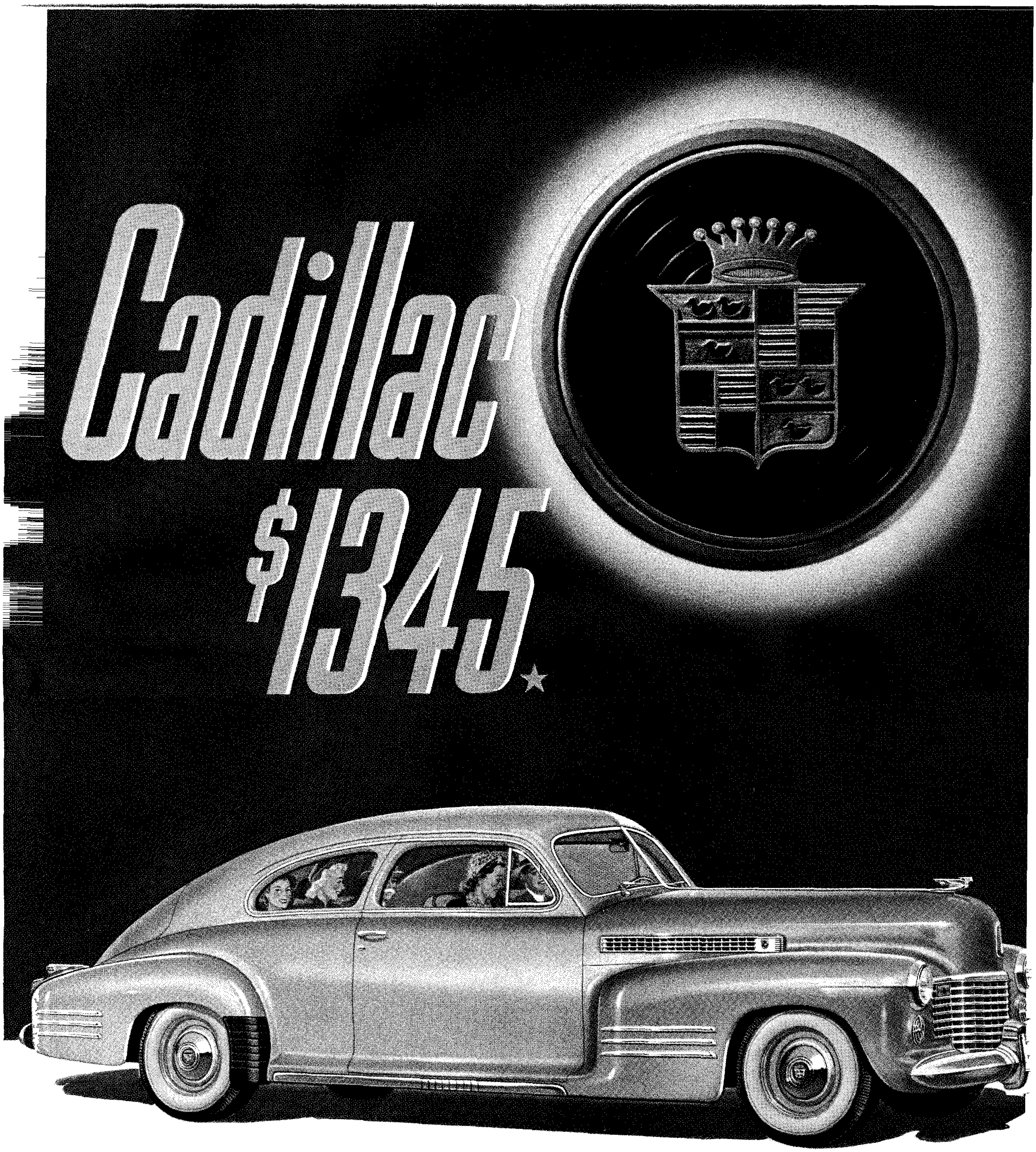

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"LADY IN THE DARK"
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Music by KURT WEILL Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN Production by HASSARD SHORT
ALVIN Thea., 52 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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A Comedy by
GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART
ERNEST TRUEX - JEAN DIXON DUDLEY DIGGES
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way• Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
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By Owen Davis from the Lockridge Stories
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EMPIRE Theatre

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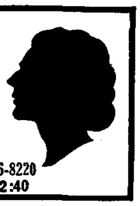
Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS and HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL—GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT—JUNE HAVOC
Barrymore Thea., W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



"A MASTERPIECE"
—Atkinson, Times
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St., W. of B'way, PE 6-8220
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
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WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

droning with the same hum which fills the ears while an anaesthetic is working, to be about to become large as a Gothic cathedral or small as a Byzantine hermitage. I was speaking silently to an unseen enemy in terms which suggested that I had known him all my life, had fought with him times without number, and was as familiar with his quality as I am with my own.

"How like you," I was telling him coldly. "So clever, so ingeniously and resourcefully clever, and yet not clever enough. Don't you realize that my whole life has been lived in such a way that even though you've elaborately framed the evidence against me, and tricked me into bearing false witness against myself, the case will fall to the ground the minute it comes out into the light of day? As soon as this woman goes I shall sit down and write some letters which will bring me certificates of loyalty which can't be questioned, which it would not even be safe for the poor wretches you have got hold of to start questioning. That's your great error. You never realize that jugglery isn't everything, that prosaic and limited though our poor human activities are, some are real, some achieve solidity, some can't be swept off the board by finessing with destiny."

I glowered at what I could not see, and it seemed to me that if my sight had been only a little keener, I should have seen eyes glowering back at me under brows no less brutish for being eternal, eyes sullen with the recognition of defeat. I had won before. With reasonable care I should win again. I would win now. Nevertheless, my hands were damp, and I was saying to myself, with the hoarseness of one who has stepped back from the brink of an abyss just in time, "You should have known. Of course you should have known. From the very first moment that things took that turn, you should have known."

—REBECCA WEST

•

WANTED—Lady for housework or will marry. G. A. Flatter, 4 miles east, 2 south, ½ east Hartford City or one north, ½ west Millgrove.—*Hartford City (Ind.) News-Times.*

Never mind all those directions, Mr. Flatter; love will find the way.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "For Whom the Bell Tolls," by Ernest Hemingway*]

. . . he turned slowly around on his rump until the back of his head was facing downhill.

FINAL PERFORMANCE MARCH 8th
The Theatre Guild and Gilbert Miller present
HELEN HAYES MAURICE EVANS
in William Shakespeare's comedy
TWELFTH NIGHT
ST. JAMES Thea. W. 44 St., Matinees THURS. & SAT.

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AMERICA'S FIRST ICE THEATRE
"A PRODUCTION OF MODERN ENCHANTMENTS"—ATKINSON, TIMES
"IT HAPPENS ON ICE"
A MUSICAL ICETRAVAGANZA
with 100 world-renowned skating stars
and JOE COOK
Evenings Including Sunday, $1.10 to $2.75. Wednesday & Saturday Matinees, $1.10 to $2.20. No Monday Performance. Unreserved 75c seats on sale each performance when doors open.

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
JANE COWL
A New Comedy by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
"Old Acquaintance"
PEGGY WOOD
with KENT SMITH
Directed by AURIOL LEE
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45th St. CI 6-6230. Evgs. 8:40
No Perf. Mon. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY
presents
INA CLAIRE • PHILIP MERIVALE
in S. N. BEHRMAN'S New Play
"The Talley Method"
Henry Miller's Theatre, W. 43 St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

ED WYNN
in HIS NEW MUSICAL
BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER
THE DE MARCOS JANE PICKENS DAVE APOLLON
BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. CI 6-6699. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40—$1.10 to $2.20

"JOHN GOLDEN presents"
CLAUDIA
By ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-5969. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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MAGGI McNELLIS
SINGING
ILSA and VILAN
DANCING
JAMES COPP, 3rd
LAUGHTER
BEN CUTLER
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
featuring Virginia Hays
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ADELAIDE MOFFETT • PAUL GERRITS
Dinner and Supper Dancing
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA • THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

OF ALL THINGS

THE world wouldn't be surprised if the Nazis tried to force the Greeks to end their war on Italy's terms. That would be a glorious victory for Mussolini, the Slaphappy Warrior.

•

The Bulgarians have discovered that it doesn't pay to have their emissaries take tea with Hitler. He immediately sends thousands of soldiers to return the call.

•

A Fascist paper invites the United States to survey the Italian colonies in Africa and see how well they are run. This offer should be accepted promptly, because the supply is running low.

•

The President became annoyed when General Marshall's confidential testimony before the Military Affairs Committee leaked out into the press. Perhaps Army officers should whisper only sweet nothings into senatorial ears.

•

Radio listeners are pleased to learn that there are prospects of peace between the broadcasting companies and ASCAP. Letters show that the public wants some modern tunes along with its daily quiz programs and Joe Louis fights.

•

In opposing the Hoover relief plan, the British point out that there would be enough food in Europe if it were properly distributed. The trouble is that the Nazis insist upon living on the fat of other people's land.

•

Washington is so crowded with visitors these days that it isn't easy to get a hotel room in the city. The public loves the thrilling spectacle of congressmen kicking ten billion dollars around.

•

It has been found that a weed called horsetail extracts gold from the soil. The discovery presumably will eventually bring the government another fine supply of gold to wonder what to do with.

•

A New York City unit of the Army got lost in New Jersey because it took the wrong turn at a clover-leaf crossing. Those complicated contraptions would come in handy in case of a *Blitzkrieg*.

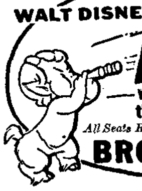
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

IF IT'S A B. G. DE SYLVA MUSICAL
IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
"A ROARING MUSICAL." *Atkinson, Times*
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
"A PERFECT MUSICAL." *Walter Winchell*
WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"Unmistakably a Hit"
—*Life Magazine*
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

MAX GORDON presents
MY SISTER EILEEN
THE RIOTOUS LAUGH HIT
by JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:40

MOTION PICTURES



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FANTASIA
with STOKOWSKI conducting
the miracle music of RCA Fantasound
All Seats Reserved—Children half-price at all times
BROADWAY 53 St. & B'way
Circle 6-5353

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James STEWART • Hedy LAMARR
In CLARENCE BROWN'S Production of
"COME LIVE WITH ME"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Theatre Tickets

If you can't use your theatre tickets . . . . please send them to the Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street, which will distribute them to the blind of our city. They love a good show. Tickets can be sent up to four P. M. of the day of the performance. The telephone number is VOlunteer 5-2200, Extension 25.

The Woman's Executive Committee of The New York Association for the Blind, Mrs. George F. Baker, Chairman, Mrs. Dewees W. Dilworth, Co-Chairman.

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OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

A SACK OF SNAKES

Sanibel Island, Florida
February 15

SOUTH of Lake Okeechobee, in central Florida, stretches a wilderness of some three thousand square miles. Except for a Seminole Indian village and a few scattered hamlets, it is without populace. One rough, rutted, weed-grown, dirt road stragglingly traverses it from north to south. The rest is forest, swamp, and Florida scrub—spiked palmettos, cockleburs, and other unfriendly vegetation. Half-wild cattle, also unfriendly, roam its free spaces, herded by cracker cowmen, who live meagrely around the borders.

Legends of strange fauna seep out from the waste: of a species of small crocodile (authentic) quite distinct from the common and larger alligator, of a splayfooted panther (dubious) which leaps across marshes from hammock to hammock on its wide pads, of dwarf deer (improbable), and of a tiny and evil-tempered bear (local lore) which takes on all comers at sight after a premonitory growl. Whatever else it may be, the area is a snakes' paradise for both venomous and innocent varieties.

Having made a start from a hotel near the head of the lake, a hotel too effete to serve sunrise meals, my wife and I had halted our car on the northwestern rim of this wilderness for a basket breakfast when a youth arose from a roadside tussock, walked over, and accosted us with shy courtesy.

"Are you going south, sir?"

"Yes."

"Could a fella get a lift?"

As a rule, my wife demurs at picking up hikers in remote spots, but this lad was clean, though incredibly tattered and travel-worn, and looked trustworthy. We invited him to get in.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "I'll get my bag."

The bag was a jute potato sack, gathered at the neck with a stout cord. He disposed it carefully on the floor in back, settled himself in a corner of the back seat, and before we had covered five miles was fast asleep. The sun climbed. The heat seeped down from the sky and oozed up from the earth. Although about us was nothing but wild vegetation, an odor like ripe watermelon, yet not quite like it, encompassed us.

Nothing persists longer in the cold storage of memory than characteristic smells. My nose explored years past to recall a thicket by a West Virginia stream whither a specimen of the rare Diana butterfly had tempted me, and the warning of my mountaineer companion: "Back out, Mister. Cain't you smell that copperhead?" This was the same scent, but richer. I stopped the car. Our passenger awoke.

"I'm tuckered out," he apologized. "Got kinda lost last night."

"What have you got in that bag?"

"Just a few snakes," he answered deprecatingly.

"What kind?"

"Diamondbacks. Would the lady like one?"

The lady would not. The lady was equally unreceptive to the proffer of a skin which he unwound from beneath his jacket, where it was looped like a belt.

"It's a male skin," he said. "They're brighter and sharper marked than the female."

"How many snakes have you got in that bag?" I asked.

"About three dozen. Little fellas," he said.

"*Alive?*" asked my wife.

"Yes, Ma'am, they're alive," he said. "Maybe you don't like snakes." He sighed. His expression indicated a charitable allowance for eccentricity in others, a sort of it-takes-all-kinds-to-make-a-world tolerance for his fellows. "Do you want me to get out?" he asked resignedly.

"No. But you'd better put the bag in the trunk compartment," I said.

We stopped the car, and the transfer was effected. Then we started up again.

"What are you doing with a bag of snakes?" I inquired.

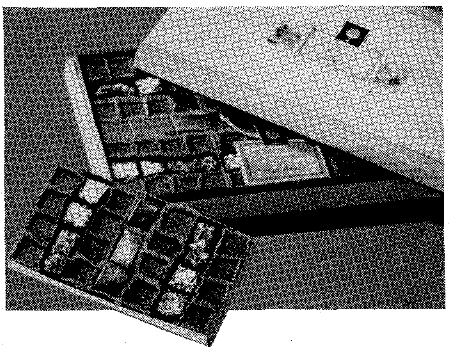
"They're my business. I trade in 'em," he said. "I'm a commercial collector. I busted out of college sophomore year." He named an obscure Midwestern institution. "Had to make my living. So I looked around for some business that wasn't overcrowded."

"You seem to have found it," said my wife.

"No, Ma'am," he said. "There's lots of competition. Prices ain't what they were when I started in three years ago."

"Where do you sell?" I asked.

"There's three principal markets," he



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expounded willingly. "There's the laboratories. They buy in quantity lots, for the venom. Then there's the museums. They're only in the market for the big ones. And the private trade. That's what I'm trying to build up. Of course, I'm talking about live specimens. I do a little something in skins, too. But there isn't much in it. Very little."

"Do people buy rattlesnakes for pets?" my wife asked incredulously.

"Yes, Ma'am. Folks that like to be kinda unusual. It's a sort of a fad, as you might say. I got a good customer on West End Avenue in New York. She's a society big shot. Gets her name in the papers. She's got a sense of humor. Last winter she gave a swell dinner party with a sort of arrangement of flowers in the middle of the table, and when they all had a couple of drinks—wine, I guess—she pulls a string and the flowers open out and the old he-rattler begins to zizz. Of course, he's wired down. But how do they know that? One lady fainted away and threatened to sue her. That got into the papers, too. Then there's an old gentleman in Detroit; he wants big diamondbacks, nothing less than six feet. Dollar a foot and an extra dollar every quarter-foot over the six. I got a Chicago customer who won't touch anything but coral snakes. He likes 'em because they're so pretty."

"That's the *Elaps*, isn't it?" I asked. "Aren't they pretty hard to find?"

He looked at me in surprise. "Yes, *Elaps*. I'll say they're hard! Ten dollars for a grown one. If I get half a dozen a season, I'm doing well. Down here they call 'em barberpole, and thunder-and-lightnin', and sometimes German flag or harlequin. Florida folks say they ain't poisonous, because they're so sluggishlike."

As a sidelight on the reliability of folklore, which usually exaggerates rather than minimizes, this was interesting, since the *Elaps* is the deadliest creature in the Western Hemisphere.

"I don't take any chances, myself," our passenger went on. "There ain't really much danger. You got eyes, ears, and a nose, and a rattler is fair warning all three ways. In hot weather, that is. If it's cold, you can't smell him. But if it's cold, he's slow anyway."

"Do you collect only the poisonous varieties?" my wife asked. "Or aren't there any other kinds where you go?"

"Plenty. But there's no money in 'em. Besides, they're mean to handle, them non-poisonous ones. You take a coachman's whip, now. You locate him and what does he do? Climbs a tree like a monkey. If you go up after him, he'll

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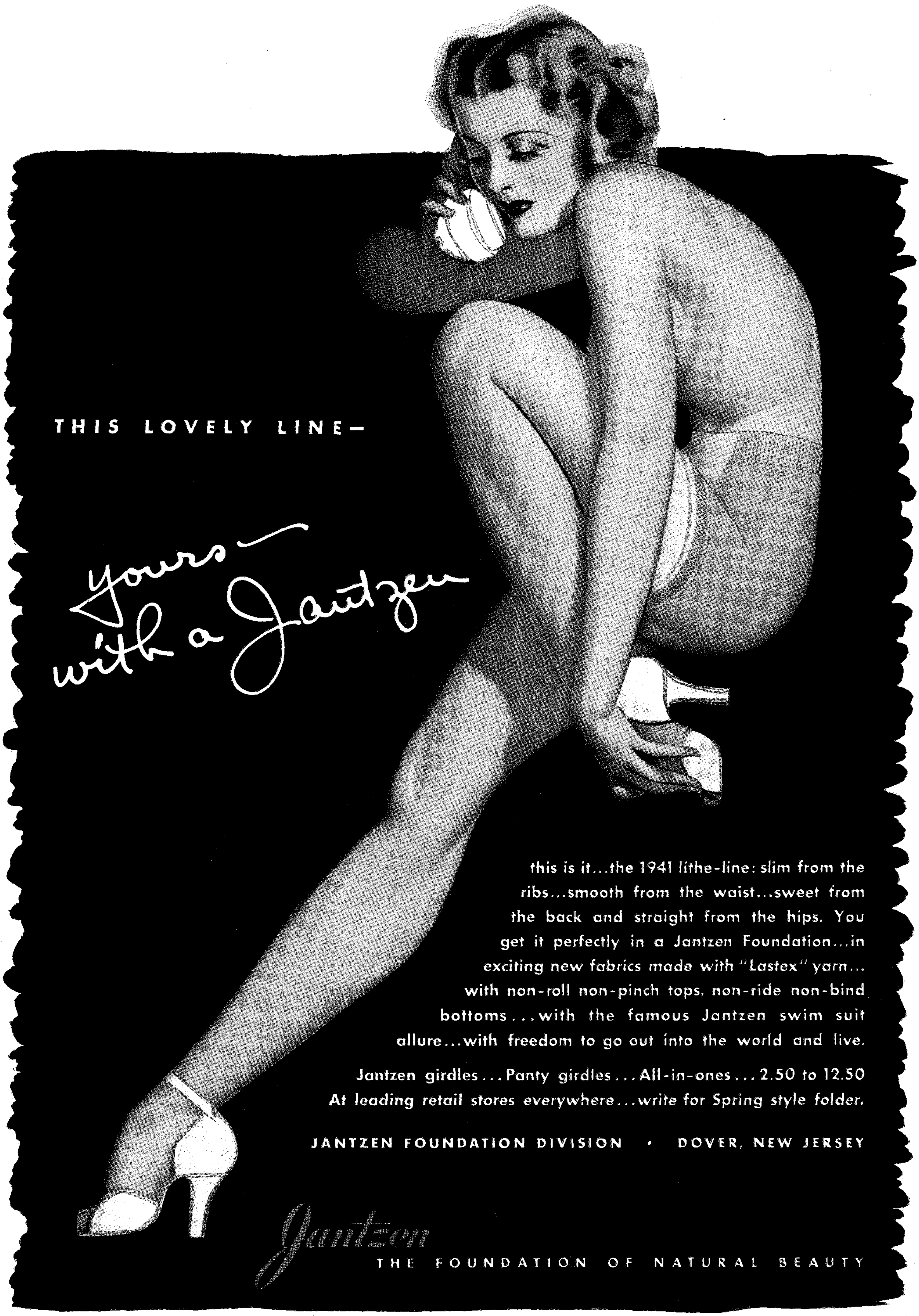

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lash out like a live wire and sock you in the face or maybe coil around your neck, and first you know you're in a fight. And what have you got if you do land him? Two bits per foot. Give me a good old rattler every time. You know where you are with him."

I asked if he used a forked stick for rattlers.

"Amateur stuff," said the expert indulgently. "Besides, it ain't practical if you're after more than one specimen. What're you going to do—get a different size prong for every snake? No, *sir*. You just get you a good, stout stick—an old rake handle's about right—and you catch your snake crawling, or wait for him to crawl if he's coiled, and you flatten him down behind the head and grab him there so he can't strike. Then you pop him into the bag. That's my method, and I never got bitten yet."

"An easy life," I suggested.

"No, sir. The life ain't so easy. It's tough down in the thick scrub where I go. The mosquitoes are bad and the ticks are worse. Sometimes you get fever. This time it was those ticks that made it so tough."

"Do you live on the country?" I asked.

He grinned. "There ain't much to live on after you get really inside. Once in a while I might catch a gopher [local name for the largish, wandering land turtle]. I take in a bag of grits or maybe hoppin-john, and when it's finished I come out." As grits are fine-ground corn and hoppin-john is a mixture of cow-peas and rice boiled with ham, I did not wonder that he had a drawn look.

"How long were you in this time?" I asked.

"Three weeks."

"And that one bag is your entire catch?"

"Oh, no! I sent out a couple of consignments by dugout. That was my good stuff. This is small stock. Most of it I bought on my way out from friends of mine."

"The local crackers?"

"I don't call 'em that," he answered in gentle reproof. "They got feelings like anyone else. They're nice people. Treat me fine. I go to their dancin' with 'em, and to the preachin' if there is any. They call me Mr. Perkins. It ain't my real name, but they're suspicious of a fella if his name sounds any way foreign. Being from Ohio, my talk is different from theirs and that made 'em offish till they got used to me. Besides, I play the mouth organ. They like that. They

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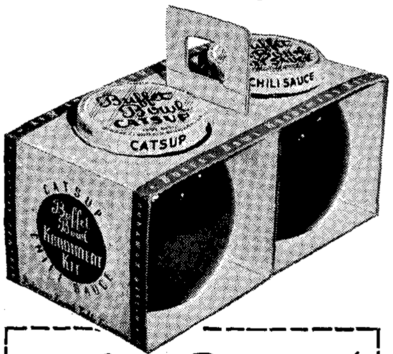
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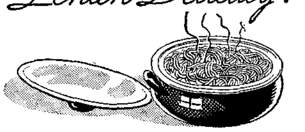

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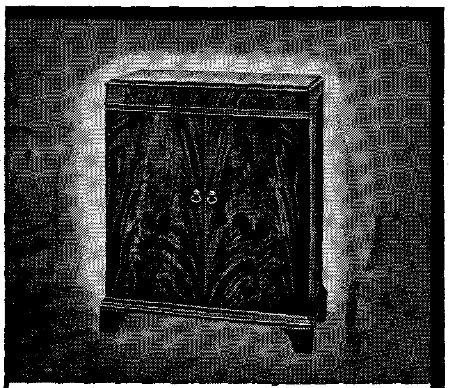

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pick up quite a lot of snakes for me, mostly small. They know I'll pay a fair price. Some of these tough guys try to gyp them. That's silly. They're liable to shoot if they don't think you're on the level with them. There was one fella down here two years ago had some trouble over prices. I ain't seen him since, and I wouldn't wonder if nobody ever saw him again. There's plenty alligators inside to take care of a body if it's left around."

"You never have any trouble with the people?"

"We-ell"—he looked slightly uncomfortable—"there was one of their girls kinda got the idea she wanted to marry me. But I worked out of that all right. Gave her a watch. It cost me eight bucks. Eight bucks is a lot of money for a little fun."

AT a town near the western limit of the wild, we stopped for ice-cream sodas. An elderly cripple came in off the street to talk shop with our passenger, and after a few minutes hobbled out.

"Notice that fella?" he asked when the native had left.

"Yes."

"You'll see a lot like him around these parts. One leg or one arm."

"Is this a feud region?" asked my wife.

"No, Ma'am. They get it hunting. You can't be careless around here. Snakiest country in the United States."

"But isn't the diamondback bite supposed to be fatal?" I asked.

"I've heard of it killing folks," he said, "and I've read it in the papers. But I never came across a death personally. Mostly it's like that old fella. A man gets bitten, and he's pretty sick, but he gets well of it. That is, he thinks he's getting over it. But the venom works along and kinda rots out the blood and he has to have his foot or his arm or his leg cut off to save his life. If he has antivenin handy, though, he don't get that way."

"I suppose you carry antivenin?" I said.

"No. I don't figure to get bitten."

Outside of Fort Myers he asked to be dropped. He had a friend there, he said, who would take him in. He would ship the snakes in his bag from there.

"They go to my firehouse trade," he said. "It's a bounty deal."

He saw that we were puzzled, and patiently explained that counties in mountain states, like Kentucky and Tennessee, give a bounty on rattlesnakes.

"One dollar a head," he went on. "Firehouses and police stations make a specialty of this line. Pay me four bits apiece; turn 'em in for a dollar apiece. I ship 'em by express. It's the steadiest market and surest pay in the business, but we don't advertise it."

He got out and retrieved his bag from the trunk compartment. His acknowledgments were quietly grateful. They ended in a wistful word.

"Wish you'd let me give you a snake," he said, and when we shook our heads he left us, with the it-takes-all-kinds expression of tolerance on his businesslike face.

—Samuel Hopkins Adams

•

BACK-SEAT CENSOR

Dark clouds gather on sea and land,
Hollywood takes its sword in hand

To carve out plots by the dizzy score
For the lovely stars who must fight this
war:

Ambulance-drivers, passionate nurses,
Blondes to stand firm amid battle and
curses,

The fabulous spy doomed to die
without quarter,
And, last but not least, the lady
reporter—

The girl who types with planes on the
skyline
(God, oh God, will she get her byline?),

Who phones the desk as the wires tangle,
Wearing her hat at a perfect angle,

Who goes down in the sea, is caught in
flames
As she calls the general by pet names.

I don't want to be a lot of trouble,
But still, if I see in the glass and rubble

One more female spick-and-span
Getting her story and getting her man,

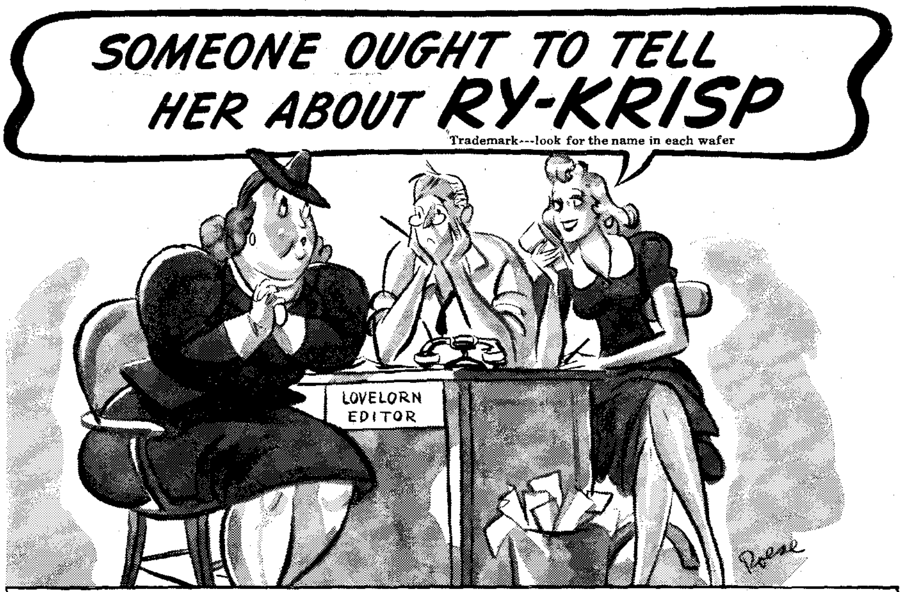
Saving the world in a teary mist,
Well, put me down as a pacifist!

—Hortense Flexner

•

One of the town's gayer spots, that St. Regis bar; John A. McVickar Jr. present; also B. Weal, Anne Freshman, Ted Saucier and Joe Goldin, the tax accountant. . . . To the Weylin to meet Miss Gene Tierney's youthful mother and later about the Forties. . . . Indeed a nasty night.—*Ward Morehouse in the Sun.*

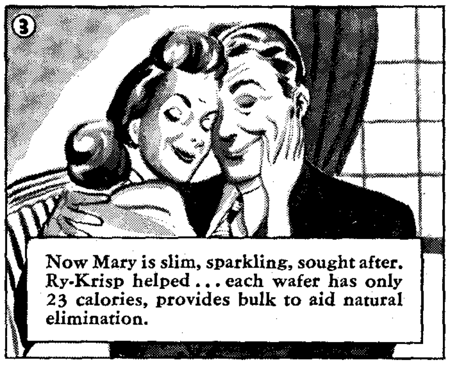
Is all chivalry dead?


SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT RY-KRISP
Trademark—look for the name in each wafer
LOVELORN EDITOR
Poese

Then someone did tell her and Mary's slender now

"Reduce and you won't be lonely," said Jane. "With the Ry-Krisp plan, I understand a normal overweight person can lose about 7 pounds a month."

Mary followed the plan in the Ry-Krisp booklet: ate sensibly, took walks, enjoyed 2 or 3 Ry-Krisp wafers as bread at each meal . . . and reduced.



Now Mary is slim, sparkling, sought after. Ry-Krisp helped . . . each wafer has only 23 calories, provides bulk to aid natural elimination.

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FREE Reducing Booklet! Just send postcard stating if book is for man or woman. Address Ry-Krisp, 735D Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

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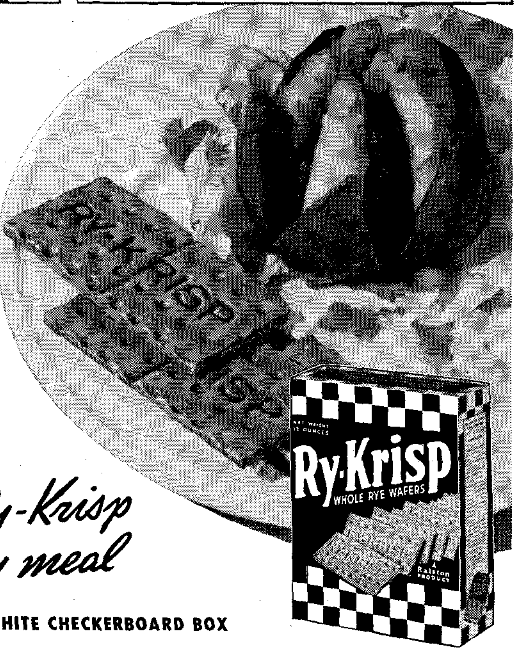
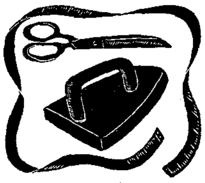


Enjoy Delicious Ry-Krisp as bread at every meal

. . . AT YOUR GROCER'S IN RED-AND-WHITE CHECKERBOARD BOX

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



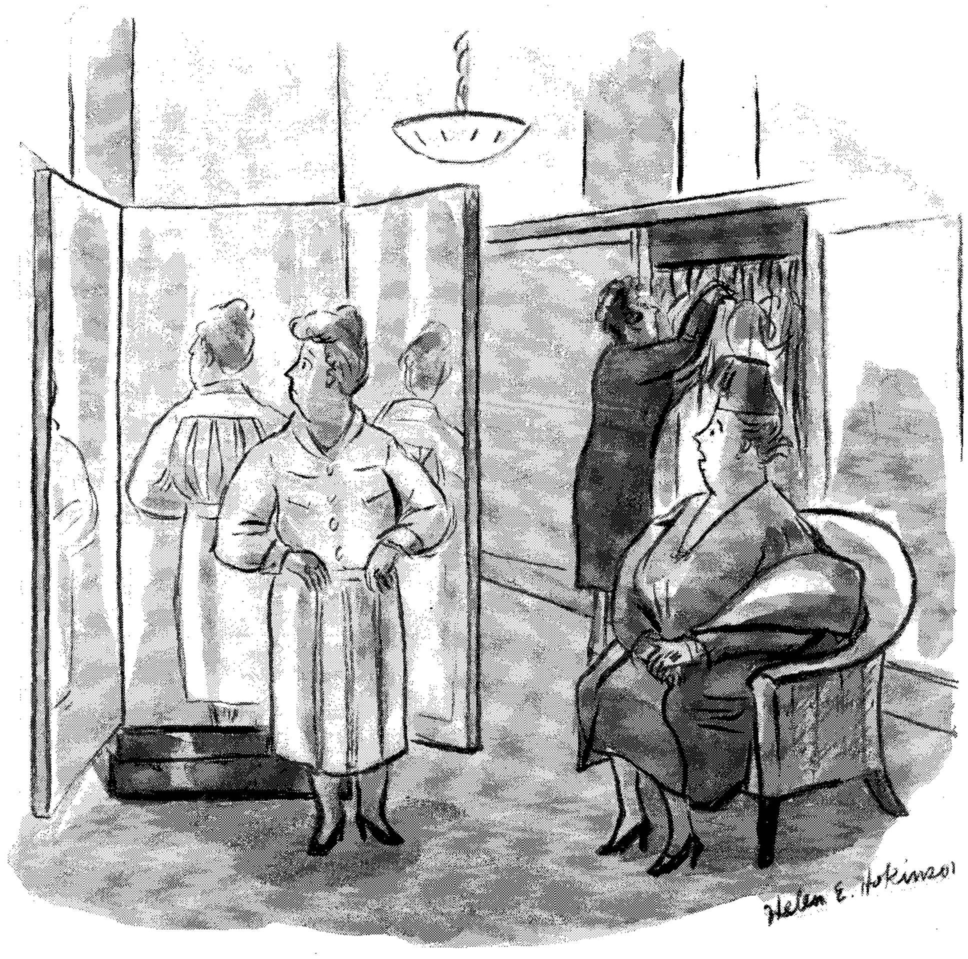
NOT long after you read this, the second major showing of American fashion collections since the fall of France should be taking place, and I, for one, am eager to see how they will turn out. Last summer, in the midst of the turmoil that was then upsetting the fashion world, I overheard a young Frenchman make a few cold and knowing remarks that have remained most vividly in my memory. This man said that American fashions could do without fresh Paris inspiration for about a year, our adapters being the highly ingenious people that they are. As he saw it, French fabrics had always supplied ideas to anyone with imagination, and there were enough already over here to keep us going a while; moreover, he expected that the impetus of the last of the Paris collections, in February, 1940, would continue for several months and that the new ideas, put forward in these shows as feelers, would be used as a basis for designs which would seem fresh and up to date a year later. After that, he said, would come the test; *then* we'd begin to know whether American designers had sufficient confidence and experience to push forward along new paths. Well, the time is up.

A year ago the American public was exclaiming over the beauty of Paris models created (and never better) under all the difficulties of wartime conditions; bolts and bolts of French fabrics were on hand for copies and adaptations. Between that time and this the fashion world has gone through twists and turns as comic as they have been confusing, and experts and the lay public alike have changed their points of view as dizzily as readers who believe that both Hugh Johnson and Dorothy Thompson are essential to a well-balanced mental diet.

When it began to look as though Paris might not survive as a fashion centre, an influx of self-styled designing geniuses from Europe got under way, and reached its peak late last spring. Many of the newcomers had authentic talent, but it also seemed that every woman who had ever sewed a button on her husband's bolero back in Moravia or lengthened the hem of a dress for a child growing leggier on a Rumanian farm arrived on these shores calmly confident that she was all La Carnegie or El Goodman had to have to put a barbaric couture on its feet. Americans needed a touch of European culture in their clothes, that was what, and the visitors were emphatically ready to give it to them. It got so that the humane though canny heads of our greatest dressmaking establishments were cowering in closets, wailing that they already employed all the geniuses they could afford and couldn't possibly pay the $10,000 a year that hundreds of would-be international couturières demanded for their artistry.

THE chaos here was, of course, thunderous. Hollywood designers, who had been so thoroughly snubbed for years that they didn't dare sew a sequin on anything, suddenly found themselves crowned Kings and Queens of Fashion by people who had previously ignored their best efforts in favor of the least important creations of the Schiaparellis and the Balenciagas. In New York and other cities, the refugee designers whose names had been kept on file, "in case anything turns up," were dusted off and turned loose among bolts of material. Obscure stock girls who had once attended a school of fashion design began draping cloth on dressmaker forms while their bosses trembled. Manufacturers who had never allowed their designers to go further than copy or adapt Paris fashions (a Mainbocher sleeve combined with Alix drapery on the skirt used to be regarded as daringly original) gave them their heads and wondered why they were so shy and cowed in the glare of the spotlight. Every ten minutes, Mayor LaGuardia's voice cut through the hubbub to tell the world that New York City was the new home of couture. Other fashion authorities announced that the Mayor was wrong and that Hollywood, Miami Beach, Buenos Aires, or St. Louis was the place. Then, suddenly, the panic was on for fair. We couldn't exist without Paris was the cry; the American woman was doomed to dowdiness.

Meanwhile, during the hot summer,



"I'm for the action back
only if you're going to do something."

Henri
Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

George Platt Lynes

For the imaginative – the young-in-heart –
this Bendel original.

the craftsmen of our great dressmaking houses were locked in their ateliers, designing clothes. When their autumn collections emerged, the relief expressed was tremendous. Here were the most wonderful clothes ever designed. What did Paris have that Sophie Gimbel hasn't got, smug people wanted to know. We don't need to depend on Paris after all, they said. Somewhat dazed, because not only Sophie Gimbel but Fira Benenson and Bergdorf and Bendel and Jay-Thorpe have always made good clothes (they've never seemed to know how to do otherwise), the designers responsible for the collections smiled their thanks. The accolade was as overdone as the panic preceding it, but we should not begrudge the cheering, for actors and politicians aren't the only ones who find applause heartening.

FOR the last two or three months there has been a calm, a dead calm in many establishments. One daring shop, to be sure, is going to give away a potted rose plant with every purchase of a flowered dress during the Flower Show, and another announces a group of matching compacts and handkerchiefs—imagine! There was, of course, a brief hullabaloo over the Fashion Futures show at the Astor a few weeks back, but it didn't rock the existing setup to any appreciable extent; some nice clothes were shown, but few had anything that would make them look brand-new a year from now. It was while I was inspecting them that I recalled what the young Frenchman had said about our really being on our own right around now. So it is to the March collections in the prestige houses that, starry-eyed, we turn, knowing the clothes shown will be *good* clothes and hoping that they will have a real feeling for the future as well.

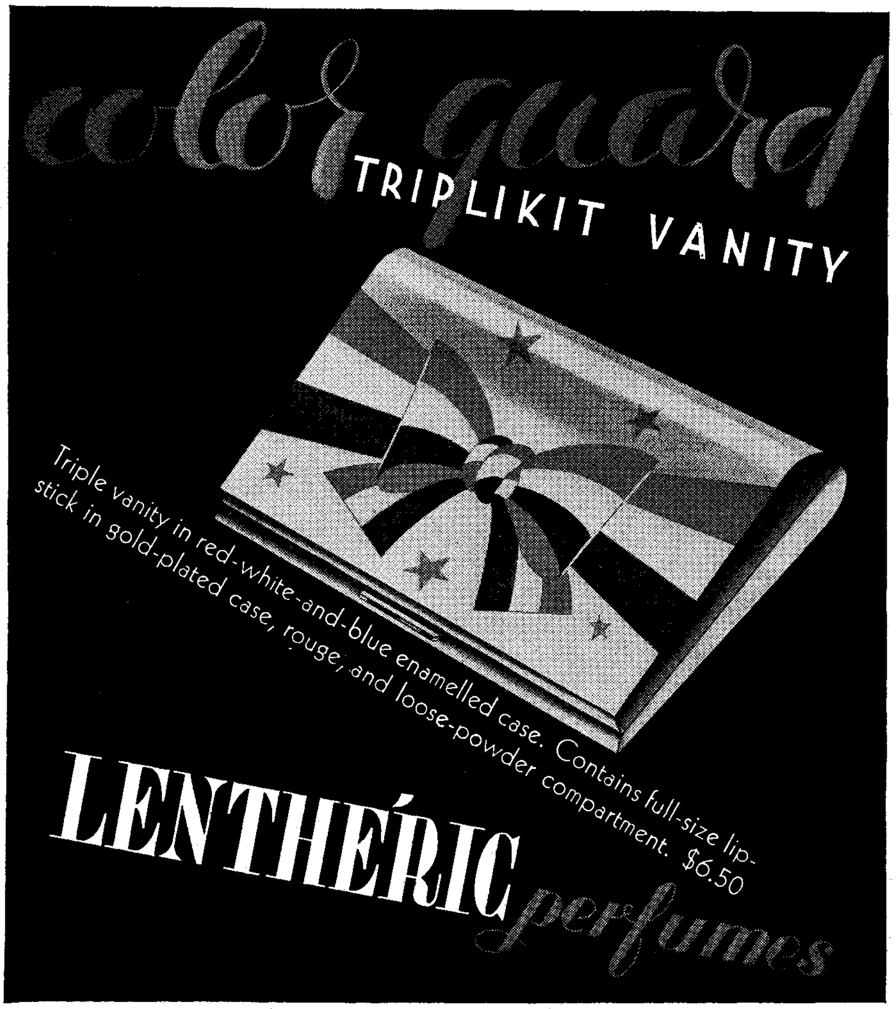
I can hardly wait. —L. L.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From Psychological Abstracts, published by the American Psychology Association*]

5001. Moellenhoff, F. Remarks on the popularity of Mickey Mouse. *Amer. Imago,* 1940, 1, No. 3, 19-32.—Mickey possesses fundamental qualities which readily promote spectator-identification with him. Important among these is the hermaphroditism suggested by his bodily appearance, his motor activity and his voice. He resolutely follows the pleasure principle, gratifying pregenital drives and sadistic impulses. The consequent need for punishment is provided for in the most harrowing situations from which he often escapes through the violation of physical law. He is hypomanic in temperament and in his visual biography we enjoy the freedom from inhibition and effort.



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THE ART GALLERIES

From Rodin On—and Up

SCULPTURE exhibitions, particularly when they set out to "prove" something, can be fairly dreary affairs, in which the weightiness of the medium only adds to the ponderousness of whatever theory happens to be advanced. The show at the Buchholz, called "From Rodin to Brancusi," has, so far as I can discover, no thesis on its mind at all—except possibly that some pretty good sculpture was done in the period from Rodin to Brancusi—and perhaps for that reason it turns out to be a very gracious and enjoyable affair indeed. Both French and German artists are included, but there's been no attempt to contrast them, and though all styles are represented, from the Gothicism of Ernst Barlach to the semi-abstractions of Henri Laurens, no effort has been made to indicate their relation in time or the various linkages and cleavages that existed between them. You'll find Wilhelm Lehmbruck more or less face to face with Picasso and Barlach mixed in with Maillol and Despiau, and about the most profound conclusion you're likely to draw is that they go very well together.

There are errors, to be sure, not so much in arrangement as in selection and emphasis. Four Rodin sculptures are included, in addition to a drawing and a water color, and only one, his male nude called "The Age of Brass" (a smaller version of the more famous life-sized figure of the same title) has the power and sense of free, easy movement that he was capable of. The others are mainly from his later, sweeter period, when his strength had gone somewhat to seed, and since he was chosen to lead off the show chronologically, they seem hardly to do him justice. Rodin, I know, has declined a great deal in favor, and rightly so, since the days when he was hailed as the modern Michelangelo. For all that, the old man had better stuff in him than this collection would indicate.

There's a little too much of Georg Kolbe, who beneath his surface expressiveness has always seemed to me a very literal-minded man, and it's the unevenness of Gerhard Marcks rather than his moments of winning perceptiveness that the show mainly accents. Compare, for example, Marck's formless, funerary "Kastalia" with the rather too ruggedly handled girl's head called "Junitau," and both with the exquisite "Girl with Raised Hand," in which, to my mind, he has caught the whole spirit of adolescence in the slightly concave silhouette and the timid awkwardness of the subject's pose. But in view of the exhibition's wide range, these objections are minor matters, and to make up for them there are such truly great pieces as Despiau's "Assia" (surely one of the noblest studies of the human figure in sculpture done in the past century), Maillol's "L'Ile de France" and his marvellously sensitive "Portrait of Auguste Renoir," and Lehmbruck's "Head of the Thinker," as well as such minor masterpieces as Degas's poised, slender "Ballet Dancer" and "The Chief," Brancusi's jolly, playful venture into what might be called minstrel-show African, which ends the show.

MAX WEBER, at the Associated American Artists', is having his first full-scale exhibition in more than ten years, which is far too long for this veteran of the modernist wars to have been away. He still likes the blues that characterized so much of his earlier work, and in general his palette is cool and somewhat sombre, while the paint is applied very thinly, almost in the manner of glazes. This handling of the paint, it seems to me, doesn't always go well with the subjects he chooses. Particularly in his studies of contemporary industrial scenes—"At the Mill," "Rock Carriers," "The Builder," and so on—it gives them a brittle transparency which robs them of a good deal of their intended power; at times, in such items, one feels one is looking at an unusually elaborate piece of underpainting rather than at a finished canvas. On the whole, his ghetto scenes are the most successful, and in his "Students of the Torah," "The Night Class," and the really superb "Chassidic Dance," there's a blending of sadness and gaiety, gentlest irony and profound understanding, that makes them stand out as truly distinctive performances. I liked, too, his "Music" and "Winter Twilight," in which some-

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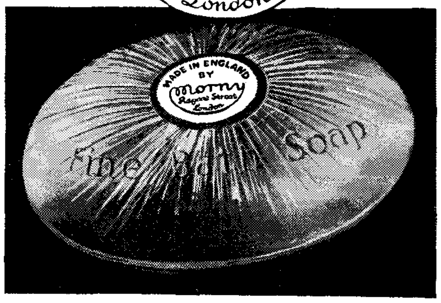

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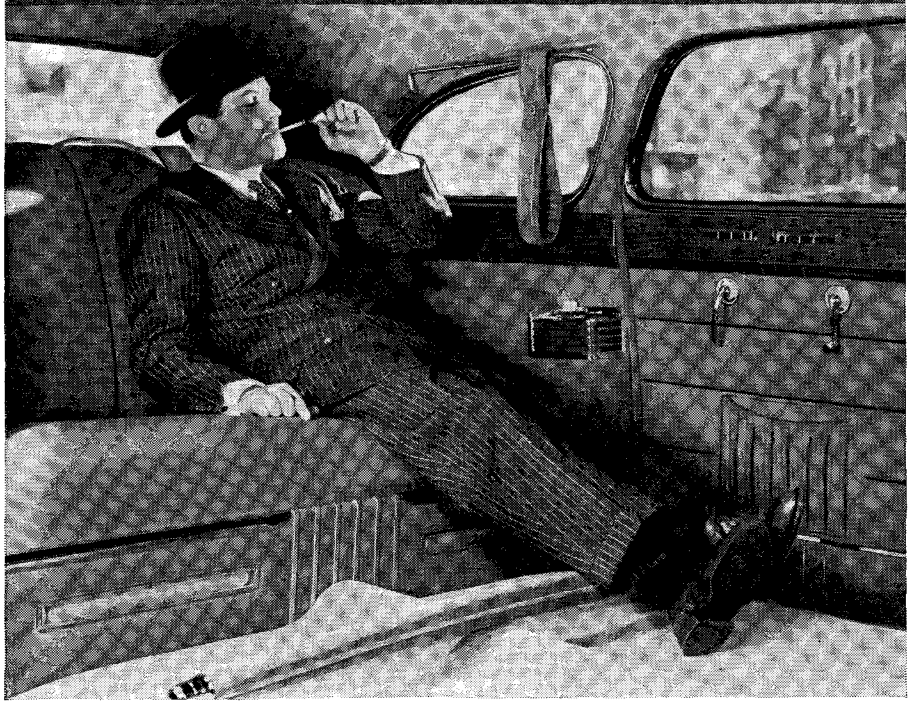

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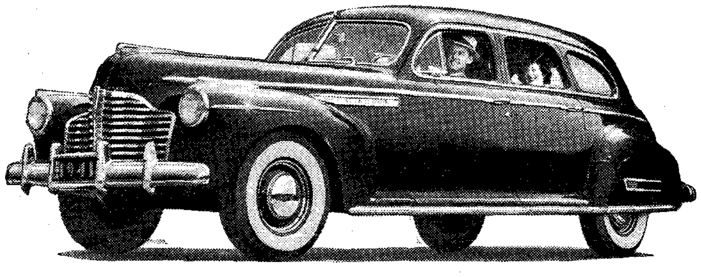

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

thing of the same mood appears again, to create a curiously moving effect of dreaminess and causeless melancholy. The show closes on Monday.

AT the Valentine, they're showing four paintings apiece by John Kane, Léon Hartl, Milton Avery, and Louis Eilshemius, and the mixture turns out rather better than one might imagine. Only Avery seems a misfit, and his formalizations, always a trifle weak in feeling, look especially wishy-washy when contrasted with the blunt forthrightness of Kane and the whimsical romanticism of the two other men. The Kanes are especially well selected; his big "Panther Hollow" and the always delightful "Highland Park" are the most striking examples. There's a fine, pale Botticelli-ish "Nude" by Léon Hartl that I'm sure will catch your eye, and all four of the Eilshemiuses, from his slight but somehow evocative "The Farm" to his bland and sunlit "Penobscot," are definitely from the top-grade section of this exceedingly variable painter's work.

JULIEN LEVY has an exhibition of oils, water colors, and gouaches by Eugène Berman, the Paris neo-romantic who is now settled in this country. A kind of bilious yellow suffuses most of his recent painting. I personally don't like it, though it's no doubt applied intentionally as a means of enhancing that feeling of menace, tattered ensigns in flight, and ruined causes which runs through his work. Apart from that, he seems to have gained greatly, both in the range of his ideas and in their technical realization, since his last show here. There are wit and profundity in his "Sentinelles de la Nuit" and his "Hommage à Lorenzo Bernini," and in his large "La Fuite en Egypte," with its broad, red-paved avenue leading on through the arches of history, he attains a majestic expression quite beyond anything he has ever achieved before.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Shortly after Mrs. Sheean had jumped from the burning house, she was approached by Patrolman George Swan.

"Are you all right—can I do anything for you?" he asked.

Mrs. Sheean smiled, despite her burns and injuries.

"After Europe," she said, "this is soft!"

—*Yonkers Herald-Statesman.*

Mrs. Sheean, when she had recovered from her shock, remarked: "We came over here from England to be safe, but this was worse than any bombardment."—*The Herald Tribune.*

THE RACE TRACK

Dispose, Bimelech, and a Note from Cuba

IT'S probably superfluous to say that Dispose was the best horse in the Flamingo Stakes last weekend. He simply had too much speed for anything else in the race—even for Curious Coin, who had worked five furlongs in fifty-eight seconds (time almost too fast to be true) two mornings before. It was a good show for the crowd, the largest ever at Hialeah. Now, unless Porter's Cap wins the Santa Anita Handicap, Dispose is going to be the most-talked-about three-year-old for the next five or six weeks. Already people have remarked that he is the best colt by Discovery yet to come to the races, and it's true that he has won more money than any other by his sire, what with $20,250 in the Flamingo Stakes and $5,290 in the Bahamas Handicap. Also, if you set much store by such things, he was a first foal; so was Discovery and so was Display, Discovery's equally famous papa.

In case all this sounds as though Dispose is going to gallop off with everything this season, I'd like to point out that he's hard to handle and not entirely predictable, and that he gets the fidgets rather badly after he runs, which, of course, doesn't matter so long as he wins. He likes quiet, and because of that Max Hirsch kept him at his winter quarters in Columbia, South Carolina, until the day before he ran. Hirsch may not be able to provide such a rest period before the Kentucky Derby, but then that race is a long way off, and you'd be surprised how horses can learn to behave.

As I expected, Whirlaway didn't run in the Flamingo Stakes. After he was beaten early in the week, his stable decided that he hadn't trained well and withdrew him. It so often happens that a top-notch two-year-old doesn't develop into as good a three-year-old, and nobody seems to know why or what to do about it. My guess is that Whirlaway is one of these.

IT'S nice to see Bimelech at the races again. Here you have a colt who has grown the right way, and if there's a handsomer four-year-old around, the men who watch horses mornings would like to see him. Bimelech hasn't forgotten how to run, although he's more nervous in the stall gates than he used to be. Just before the start of his race last Saturday, he bumped his head and cut his tongue, which I hope did him no serious harm. He led all the way easily enough, but Meade, who rode him, seemed overconfident and Hash gave me a jumpy moment when he came up fast in the stretch. Lots of people believe that Hash is going to run better in the Widener Cup this weekend, because he always does after such a windup gallop, but I'm sticking to Bimelech.

CONFRONTED with the job of guessing the winner of the Santa Anita Handicap, I don't know what I can say except that it ought to be Mioland. He did well enough in a rehearsal the other day. Challedon, you may have noticed, finished seventh in the same race.

SHOW PARLAY, my footloose outside man, finds the racing in Cuba as much fun as ever. (I'd like to change places with him, but he won't hear of it; he calls Hialeah New Orleans in Technicolor.) "The horses in Havana," he reports, "are no better or worse than those that used to run at winter meetings before tracks turned glamorous. You might be interested to know that no lame ones are allowed to run at Oriental Park, which is more than I can say for New England or Maryland. What I like about Cuban racing is the utter lack of hypocrisy. Gambling's recognized as the power that makes the mare go. You can bet on anything. There's even a daily prize of $100 for picking the most winners. You make your selections on a page of your program and drop it in a box before the races begin. The other afternoon a fellow couldn't make up his mind about two horses in a race, so he wrote down the names of both and they ran a dead heat, putting him one up on the rest of the crowd."

ANOTHER wandering observer—I have lots of them—thinks the daily double would be a good deal more fun if it were on the last two instead of the first two races. Maybe I'll take this up as a serious crusade when we return to Jamaica. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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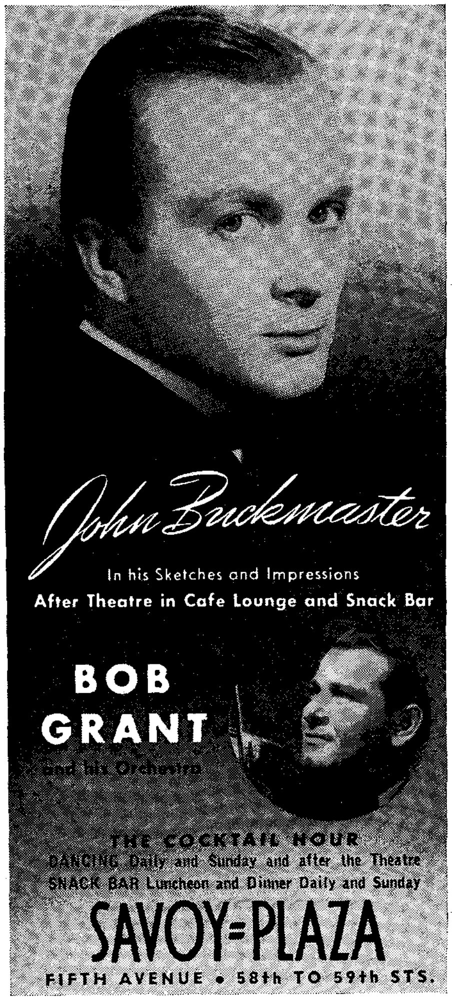

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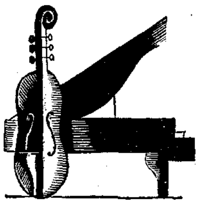
MUSICAL EVENTS

Opera

"OH Heavens! an opera! That human beings can be found to disregard Shakespeare and run after such *nonsense!*" That's how the celebrated actor and manager, William Charles Macready, complained to his diary just about a century ago. His anti-operatic entry was brought on by a single performance of "Norma." One might speculate on what he would have written about last week's activities, when seven Metropolitan productions were supplemented by four operatic concerts in Carnegie Hall.



Two of the Carnegie Hall sessions were Philharmonic-Symphony subscription hearings of Walter Damrosch's opera, "Cyrano," under the able direction of the composer. Twenty-eight years ago, at the Metropolitan, the opera had five performances and good notices. It then went out of circulation, but four years ago Mr. Damrosch rewrote his work and last week he revived it.

This "Cyrano" is a melodious, craftsmanlike job. The text, by W. J. Henderson, is a shrewd adaptation of the Rostand play, and the words are the sort people can sing, even if some of last week's vocalists didn't win any diction awards. The principal trouble with the original version was that the music was so expansive the piece seemed overlong. The revisions in the third and fourth acts have tightened things admirably; further compression would help the first two. I suspect there may have been a few last-minute excisions for the Carnegie Hall venture, as several interesting passages were missing, among them the attractive ditty about cheese cake. (Perhaps I should explain, for the young folks, that in 1913 cheese cake was a pastry, not a type of news photography.) Probably "Cyrano" would do well for itself in an opera house. It sounds like a good show.

ARTURO TOSCANINI'S Wagner concert at Carnegie Hall, with the N.B.C. Symphony, Miss Helen Traubel, and Lauritz Melchior, was immense. What Mr. Toscanini did was so fine it was depressing, because one couldn't help wishing he were conducting the complete music dramas. The excerpts were only samples of whole operatic performances, which, unfortunately, one had to imagine, but they were generous samples. "Dich, Teure Halle," from "Tannhäuser," was prefaced by the introduction to the second act of the opera instead of with the usual concert abbreviation. In the "Götterdämmerung" sequence, the Funeral March had as an unannounced prelude the orchestral music that accompanies Siegfried's death. Mr. Melchior sang with his usual skill. Miss Traubel, apparently somewhat nervous, although effective, in "Dich, Teure Halle," was good as Sieglinde in the finale of the first act of "Die Walküre" and superb in the immolation scene from "Götterdämmerung."

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE," at the Metropolitan, was an operatic début hereabouts for Edwin McArthur, the second native American to conduct any of the company's offerings in all the years the Metropolitan has been at work. (The first was Nahan Franko.) Mr. McArthur had already directed the music drama elsewhere, and he went about his assignment like a veteran, even straightening out easily a few minor misunderstandings between the stage and the orchestra pit. It wasn't a performance radically different from other "Tristans;" that would have required longer preparation than a busy opera house can provide. It served, though, to indicate Mr. McArthur's gift for conducting, and it marked an advance, on the emotional side, over his previous orchestral demonstrations in town.

Salvatore Baccaloni, pepper-upper of old operas, was in the cast of the season's first "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and he succeeded in making Dr. Bartolo one of the highlights of the entertainment. That's a trick, all right, because the Dr. isn't any self-starting rôle. Mr. Baccaloni supplied a bright characterization and worked in the proper amount of good operatic hokum. The whole production was somewhat hokey, but never pokey, and the singing was generally excellent. The latest Rosina, Miss Josephine Tuminia, though rather uneventful in the lyric spots, delighted the gathering with a fancy line of coloratura display and plenty of pingy high notes.

PUCCINI'S "Suor Angelica" was produced in quasi-opera form at a Carnegie Hall concert of the National Orchestral Association. At that time, I was at "Tristan und Isolde," so I can offer only the report of a knowing spy

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—ROBERT A. SIMON

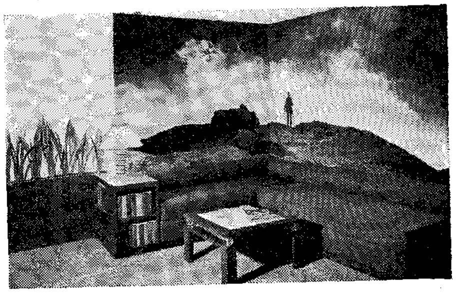
POPULAR RECORDS

A Shavian Concerto—Novatones—Singers

ARTIE SHAW and his orchestra have made a remarkable recording of the composer-leader's "Concerto for Clarinet," which is one of the high spots of the Paramount film "Second Chorus." For some reason best known to the producers, only part of the work is played in the picture, so here, on the twelve-inch Victor disc No. 36383, is probably the one chance you've had thus far to hear it all the way through. The piece isn't really a concerto; it doesn't follow the set rules of development and construction which would make it that, but, to get technical for a moment, it does have a couple of cadenzas which might be called accompanied recitatives. Practically the whole of the first side is a boogie-woogie revel, with the pianist's left hand going full tilt from start to finish and Shaw's clarinet weaving in and out of the scheme. The other side is distinguished principally by a long clarinet-and-drums sequence, which is really exciting.

A five-man team, going under the name of Ted Steele and his Novatones and working with a rather unusual combination of instruments, has recently made its record début. Mr. Steele operates, if that's the word, a Novachord, which, as you know, sounds like a cross between an organ and a symphony orchestra, and the others play a Hammond organ, a guitar, a piano, and a bass fiddle. The group's first offering is called "Mood Indigo" (Decca album 179) and turns out to be a set of Duke Ellington compositions, including, naturally, the title piece. All of the selections emphasize mood—indigo or otherwise. In an accompanying leaflet, Mr. Steele, a fervent Ellington disciple, modestly lets it be known that he is not one to improve on perfection and has therefore not tried to fancy up any of the scores. What he has tried to do is work out new tonal blends to fit the spirit of the music, and in this he has been rather successful. Among the ten numbers, you'll find such familiar items as "Solitude," "Sophisticated Lady," "In a Sentimental Mood," "Azure," and "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart."

IT'S always a treat to hear Mildred Bailey sing, particularly when she is given imaginative orchestral support,



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and I can't remember when she's done better than she's done now on Columbia 35921. Here she gives us two swell tunes, "Easy to Love" and "Don't Take Your Love from Me," with Teddy Wilson's orchestra supplying backgrounds that are just about all anyone could ask for in the way of originality and rich harmony. Eddie Sauter's arrangements aren't to be overlooked, either.

Another gifted *cantatrice* who can do things with a song is Billie Holiday, and all she needs to get results is a straight rhythm and a simple orchestration. Singing "Time on My Hands" and "I'm Pulling Through" on Okeh 5991, she's been given these ingredients in fine measure, and it's enough just to say that she makes the most of them.

So many good dance recordings have come out in the past week or so that it hasn't been easy to pick the best of the batch. I don't pretend that the list below includes them all, but I don't think I've passed up any of the top ones. As usual, swing performances are marked by an asterisk:

I Hear a Rhapsody and I Left My Heart in Your Hand*—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. These give you a good idea of the versatility of the new Goodman band. "I Hear a Rhapsody," a melody piece, receives a soft, appealing treatment, while "I Left My," etc., gets a going-over in easy swing. Helen Forrest's vocals help both sides along. *(Columbia 35937)*

Charleston Alley* and Good for Nothin' Joe—Charlie Barnet and his orchestra. There's a touch of the Duke Ellington style in "Charleston Alley," and it works out nicely, too. "Good for Nothin' Joe" is one of those torchy things designed to moisten the eyes of the emotionally uninhibited. *(Bluebird 11037)*

Volcano* and Rocking the Blues*—Count Basie and his orchestra. I found the rhythm of "Volcano" confusing until I realized it was really an amalgam of rumba and Harlem beats. In "Rocking the Blues," Basie makes effective use of tone-shading, a technique which some of our noisier jazzists might do well to cultivate. *(Okeh 6010)*

Bugle Call Rag* and One o'Clock Jump*—Metronome All-Star Band. Two or three galaxies of stars get together for the annual sizzler put out by the winners of the swing-players' popularity contest sponsored by the magazine *Metronome*. It's all swing of the finest order—no cluttering up, no false flourishes, just hot music marvellously played. *(Victor 27314)*

Song of the Volga Boatmen and Chapel in the Valley—Glenn Miller and his orchestra. The old Russian song is dressed up in dance tempo and it wears its unaccustomed toggery well. "Chapel in the Valley," a danceable fox trot, is done in a comparatively conventional manner. *(Bluebird 11029)* —Offbeat

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THE BILLBOARD ON THE RUE DE LONGCHAMP

MARC's window on the Rue de Longchamp looks out on a big yellow billboard which has been there for years, two stories high and some fifty feet across. Marc and his sister are friends of mine and I am often at their place, so I know the billboard well. There is no getting away from it, since the street is narrow and Marc's flat is on the second floor.

It used to be cluttered with many overlapping posters—ads for Strasbourg *foie gras*, Gitane cigarettes, and Lévitan furniture, notices of meetings and recitals—and in the spaces between current notices you could see the tattered remains of old election posters. When the war started, all that was changed. Men on ladders scraped and scoured, painted the boards a bright canary yellow, and blocked in the word "RESERVED" in black letters at one end.

Overnight, new posters appeared: pictures in color of a sky full of planes above a village, with the legend "Preserve your homes from this;" a lookout on the forward deck of a battleship staring across a glittering strip of sea ("He keeps watch"); rows of slanting bayonets ("Out of old iron, forge the steel of victory"). And in big letters underneath all of them, "BUY ARMAMENT BONDS."

Marc went off with his regiment almost immediately, of course, but when he came back to Paris on leave after sitting out the winter months in a trench on the Belgian border, he said the view from his window had improved. That was all he would admit, because Marc objects to posters on principle. They take an unfair advantage: you can't reason with them. Your one resource is to rip the poster up or tear it down or write in bold letters across its face. During the 1936 election campaign, Marc's fingers itched whenever he passed a poster. He doesn't know how many times he wrote "Paid by Hitler" on the Colonel de La Rocque sheets or, pressed for time, scribbled an obscene word.

MARC's view today in the occupied Paris of 1941 still gives on the yellow billboard. The posters have changed, but not for commercial pictures, because commercial advertising is as dead as the commerce that fostered it. There is no *foie gras* in Paris now, no tobacco except caporal, nobody thinks of buying furniture, and there are no concerts or recitals worth advertising. The armament posters have also long since vanished from the walls.

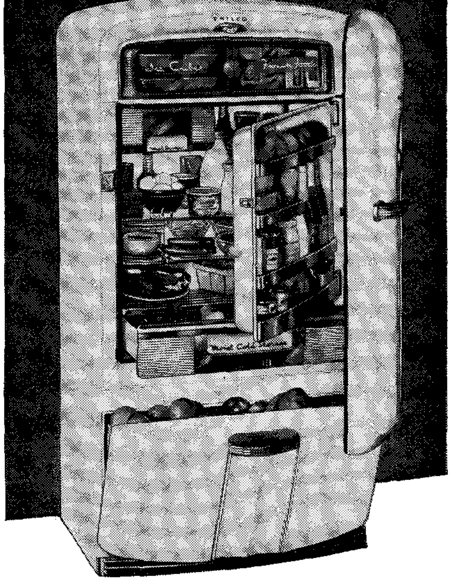
Marc came back to the Rue de Longchamp on crutches last August, when, as a prisoner on parole, he left the Etampes hospital. In October, he discarded his crutches for a cane, and ever since he has spent his days hobbling up and down the little living room, practicing for the time when, parole or no parole, he will leave his sister and the flat and slip out some night on the road to freedom. He has made his plans, for no matter how carefully the Germans may guard the coast, there is always a way. Meantime, he has been spared the spectacle of occupied Paris—the *Hackenkreuz* flying from every flagpole and green uniforms swarming everywhere. But there is no escape from that yellow billboard outside his window. Chained to his chair, Marc has had nothing else to look at for months.

The first poster Marc saw when he came home was one I had already seen in Brittany, ripped to ribbons the night it was posted. In black and white with splashes of red, it pictured a French soldier in the foreground, haggard and unshaven, a bloody bandage over one eye, his uniform in rags. At his right a woman in rags sat on a heap of rubble, a child at her knee and a baby at her breast. Behind the figures were the smoking ruins of a town and overhead, framed in smoke wreaths, a grinning British Tommy; underneath, the inscription "*C'est l'Angleterre qui a fait cela.*"

When Marc first saw it outside his window, he went white. "*Les cochons! Oh, les cochons!* I know Paris—that thing won't last a day."

It did, however. A few days later a second poster appeared beside the first. This time no pictures—a printed sheet in black-and-red type with a chronological list of dates and places: India, Canada, Suez, Fashoda, Gibraltar, Dunkerque, Mers-el-Kébir . . . "Every British gain has been made at the expense of France."

Marc said the poster would not make



PHILCO
BRINGS YOU A
NEW KIND OF REFRIGERATOR

Exclusive, Advanced Design gives you the CONSERVADOR plus separate compartments for DRY Cold, MOIST Cold and FROZEN FOODS

Philco, famous for its leadership in engineering and design, now brings you a *new kind of refrigerator* for modern kitchen needs . . . giving you new beauty, new inventions, new and better ways to keep your foods wholesome, fresh and delicious.

In a single refrigerator, Philco Advanced Design gives you complete, separate compartments for Dry Cold, Moist Cold and Frozen Foods in addition to improved Meat Storage and Crisper Drawers. *Plus* . . . the patented CONSERVADOR, the shelf-lined inner door that gives you *26% more quickly usable space!* Yes, the greatest, most beautiful refrigerators ever built . . . and the greatest dollar for dollar values in refrigeration!

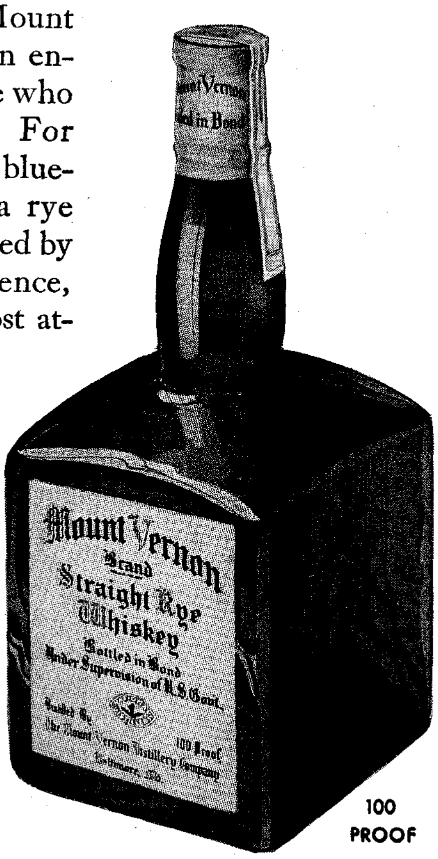
Models to Suit Your Needs from
$114.75 to $259.95 Including 5-Year Protection Plan
Prices slightly higher Denver and West; subject to change without notice

SEE THEM TODAY AT YOUR PHILCO DEALER

Made to the gentleman's taste
is the patrician of American ryes

DOWN the long years, Mount Vernon has enjoyed an envied preference among those who live graciously and well. For Mount Vernon is one of the bluebloods of whiskeydom—a rye delicate in flavor and enriched by tradition. But for all its excellence, Mount Vernon today is most attractively priced.

The Bond of Friendship
Mount Vernon
BRAND



100
PROOF

BOTTLED IN*BOND *Straight Rye Whiskey*
Copyright 1940, National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.

a dent. "We have studied history. No one will read all that print. Why don't they give us Napoleon and Jeanne d'Arc?"

They did. Both appeared on the next poster—Joan of Arc burning in the background, Napoleon I to the right, frowning above folded arms. In the foreground the same ragged soldier of 1940, bent beneath the weight of a huge cross. Marc said he would give a finger to add four hooks to that cross.

The blockade had its poster: a pregnant woman—pregnancy accentuated, with a child at her skirts—asking, "How am I to feed *both* of them this winter?;" behind her, Churchill in a tall hat, beaming cherubically through the smoke of a fat cigar. That poster coincided almost to a day with the riots at the Villette abattoir when, of forty-five hundred head of cattle shipped to Paris, four thousand were confiscated by the Germans. Not a butcher shop had opened its doors for days. And what had become of the Brittany potatoes, the Normandy butter, cheese, and eggs? Not an egg in all Paris. The blockade poster did not impress the Parisians.

The next poster put up on Marc's billboard showed a boat in which stood Churchill and a French officer—presumably General de Gaulle—holding a fishing rod. Beside the rod there stood a French sailor saying, "They won't catch anything with *that* rod" ("*avec cette gaule-là*").

The one remaining gap at the end of the yellow billboard was filled early in November by one of the biggest posters of the series. It showed a map of Africa overlaid by a giant octopus whose sprawling tentacles reached out to Egypt, Algeria, Senegal, the Cameroons, Somaliland, Madagascar. The tentacles labelled "Jibuti," "Oran," and "Dakar" had been lopped off and their bleeding stumps dripped great, red gobs down the sheet. "Be patient," ran the caption, "the others will soon go too." Where the body of the octopus should have been, the artist had drawn a grinning human head. It chewed a big cigar and was undoubtedly meant to be Churchill. Perhaps the artist had no gift for likenesses, perhaps the mistake was intentional—the grinning head resembled but one person and that person was Mussolini. It was like a forecast of events to come.

There they were—the six posters in a row on the billboard across the Rue de Longchamp, and all of them still intact. Marc couldn't understand it. Were the people of Paris still so crushed, so petrified by fear of reprisals that they let those flaunting things stay without a scribble of protest? I suggested that the posters were pasted too high to be reached. Marc measured the height with a reflective eye. "A tall man could do it," he murmured. "Or he could stand on something."

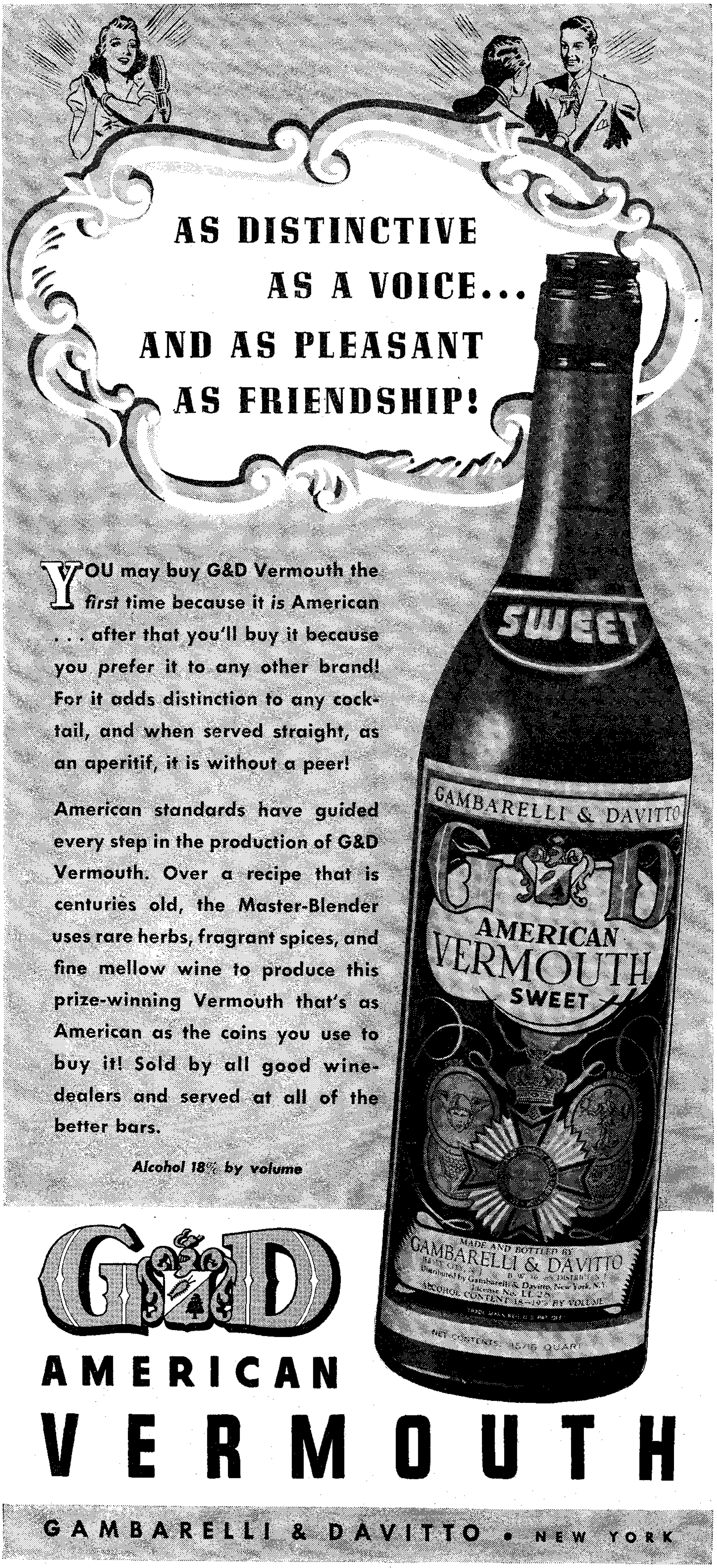
"And the Germans?" I asked. I knew that a group of soldiers were always stationed at the corner garage, not fifty yards away. Marc could not see them from the window, but I had noticed their green uniforms every time I passed.

To cheer Marc up, I told him what had happened to posters in the Métro. These were the posters in the subway corridors and platforms advertising the Paris papers. *Le Matin, Le Petit Parisien, L'Œuvre* announced their reappearance. *La Gerbe* had replaced *Gringoire*, and Henri Jeanson had been freed from prison to edit the "pacifist" sheet *Aujourd'hui*. *L'Œuvre's* advertisements came in for the most attention. The posters on which Marcel Déat called all Frenchmen who had not wanted to "die for Danzig" to become his readers were ripped and riddled and chalked over with words like "*Traître*," "*Vendu*," "*Boche*." On the *Gerbe* posters, "*Gerbe*" had been crossed out and "*Faisceau*" written in, along with "Down with Fascism!" *Aujourd'hui* provoked "Look out for tomorrow!" and "*Vive de Gaulle!*"

I told Marc, too, that every morning I saw concierges busy scrubbing the many "*Vive de Gaulle*"s and "*A bas les Boches*"s scrawled on house fronts during the night. Since the occupation, Paris was blacker than ever. Hardly a glimmer of light anywhere, and the invaders kept Paris police busy patrolling the streets and greeting every stray glint from the windows with cascades of whistles. But in the dark the chalk was busy.

ON November 10th, we had an air-raid warning, the first since June. The sirens started shrieking a little after half past nine at night in the midst of a forbidden London broadcast. I was at the Rue de Longchamp flat. I snapped out the lights, Marc's sister shut off the gas meter, and we went on listening to the broadcast.

The "raid" lasted two hours, though the only sound of planes we heard was the familiar woo-woo-woo of Dorniers flying over Paris. The whole thing was a hoax, of course, planned perhaps in the hope of making Parisians take the blackout more seriously. I repeated to Marc next morning what an air-raid warden



YOU may buy G&D Vermouth the *first* time because it *is* American . . . after that you'll buy it because you *prefer* it to any other brand! For it adds distinction to any cocktail, and when served straight, as an aperitif, it is without a peer!

American standards have guided every step in the production of G&D Vermouth. Over a recipe that is centuries old, the Master-Blender uses rare herbs, fragrant spices, and fine mellow wine to produce this prize-winning Vermouth that's as American as the coins you use to buy it! Sold by all good wine-dealers and served at all of the better bars.

Alcohol 18% by volume

G&D
AMERICAN
VERMOUTH

GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO • NEW YORK

had told me—that the only occupants of his shelters were German soldiers. "They" were disciplined. However, their absence from the streets had been a boon to the wall-scribblers, for that morning, by the Lycée Janson, I saw the concierge scrubbing with sand and a wire brush a huge "*Vive de Gaulle!*" done with red paint all along one end of the building.

Two nights later we had a second alarm. Anti-aircraft guns barked like mad. Again the three of us were listening to a British broadcast. I sat with Marc's sister on the floor by their radio, our ears close to the loudspeaker, for what with static, jamming, and the noise of the guns, we had to strain our ears to hear anything.

When the all-clear sounded we noticed Marc had left the room. Then we heard a door open and the tap of his cane in the hallway. He limped in as if each step cost him an effort. Wisps of hair clung to his damp forehead, rivulets of sweat trickled down his cheeks, but he waved us aside as we went to aid him.

"I'm all right. Wrenched one of the damn legs a little. Nothing wrong."

MARC was still asleep when I called next morning. His sister met me at the door and hurried me across the living room to the window. "Have you seen it? Look."

The lower half of every poster on the billboard had been ripped away. On the torn surface someone had chalked "Made in Germany" and, below, red letters shouted on the yellow paint, "LA GUERRE N'EST PAS FINIE. VIVE LA FRANCE!"

—IDA TREAT

●

AMERICAN SKETCH, 1014 Phoenix, Minneapolis, Minnesota. John M. Kelly, Editor. "We need humorous stories anywhere from 50 to 2000 words, but nothing over 2000 words. . . . Seventy-five per cent of our manuscripts go back the day they come in; the rest within thirty days."—*Writer's Digest.*

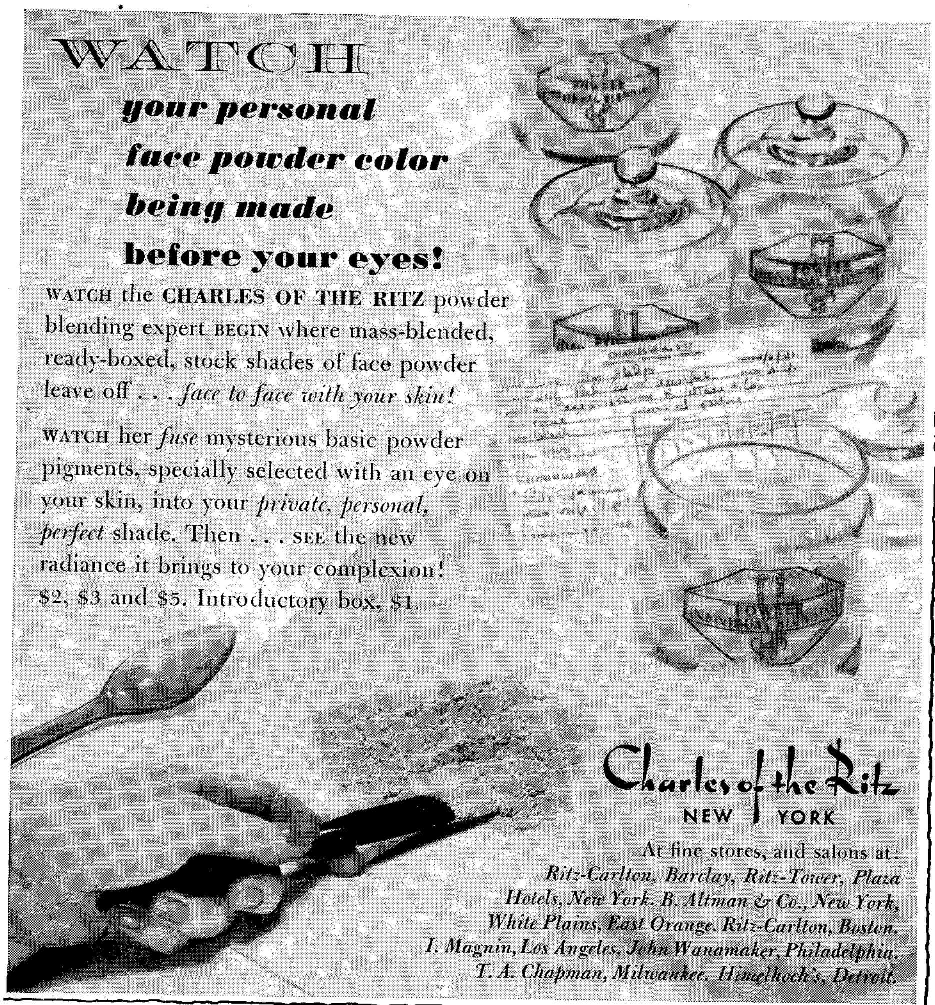
Then you sit down and bat out the issue, eh, Kelly?

●

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an article by A. B. Magil in the New Masses*]

This is also reflected in Senator Wheeler's readiness to play ball with reactionary appeasers as well as with the progressive American Peace Mobilization. "When you're in a fight," he said, "you can't be too particular about whom you get into bed with."


WATCH
your personal
face powder color
being made
before your eyes!

WATCH the CHARLES OF THE RITZ powder blending expert BEGIN where mass-blended, ready-boxed, stock shades of face powder leave off . . . *face to face with your skin!*

WATCH her *fuse* mysterious basic powder pigments, specially selected with an eye on your skin, into your *private, personal, perfect* shade. Then . . . SEE the new radiance it brings to your complexion! $2, $3 and $5. Introductory box, $1.

Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

At fine stores, and salons at:
Ritz-Carlton, Barclay, Ritz-Tower, Plaza Hotels, New York. B. Altman & Co., New York, White Plains, East Orange. Ritz-Carlton, Boston. I. Magnin, Los Angeles. John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee. Himelhoch's, Detroit.

THIS GRAND SOUP
WINS ON 2 COUNTS!

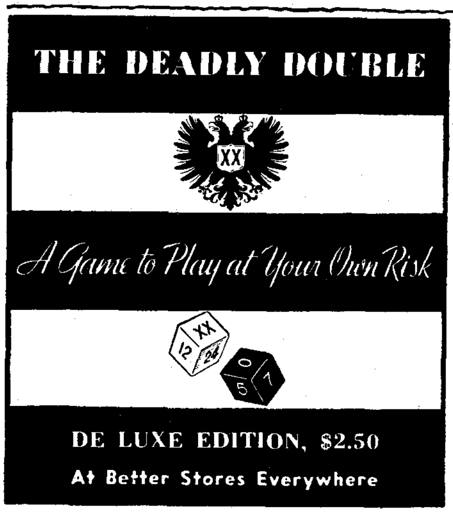
1. As a socially-correct First Course . . . there's nothing else like it!

2. As a Luncheon in itself . . . different, delicious!

Underwood Black Bean Soup is a delight to any hostess for it's a Double-Duty Soup — dark, rich, satisfying. It attains its peak of flavor, when served with a slice of lemon, one of egg, a spot of sherry. Perfect, noon or night. Write Wm. Underwood Co., 85 Walnut St., Watertown, Massachusetts, if your dealer cannot supply you.

UNDERWOOD FINE SOUPS

Underwood offers you also a rare Purée Mongole, a delicious blend of tomatoes, peas and julienned vegetables. Try it!


THE DEADLY DOUBLE

A Game to Play at Your Own Risk

DE LUXE EDITION, $2.50
At Better Stores Everywhere

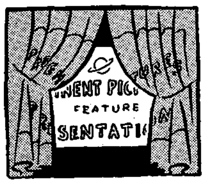
Now you can get
HUNDREDS of ICE CUBES
delivered in air-tight, leak-proof containers
125 cubes to the container, 50c
Minimum delivered, 2 containers
Special rates to clubs and institutions
Expert wine-chilling service in your home
Club Soda — Ginger Ale
EMPIRE CUBE CO., Inc.
452 W. 38th St. — LO. 5-2548-9
24-hour service—7 days a week

Atlantic City Fla.
SHELBURNE HOTEL
Relaxation
Yours for Lenten
EUROPEAN PLAN FROM
$5 SINGLE, $7 DOUBLE
Paul Arnswalde
Mgr.
Decks Overlooking
Beach & Boardwalk
SHELBURNE GRILL
Cocktail Lounge
N. Y. Phone
VA. 6-2921

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ellie May and Her Set

A GOOD many constant moviegoers may turn a bit sour and fretful with the disappointments of this week. Perhaps the more judicious of these worthies will have steeled themselves in advance against the bad news and won't be taken, therefore, too much by surprise. Certainly no one even slightly aware of the mysterious forces that govern the movie world could consider the ingredients of "Tobacco Road" anything but problematic film material. There might possibly, one could hope, bearing in mind always the talents of Nunnally Johnson and John Ford and their wide resourcefulness, be some method of approach to the difficulties. Somehow, by a miracle, the Caldwell quality might be captured and preserved, and Jeeter and Ellie May and Sister Bessie and all their kin might come to life, and the Joe Pasternak and Louisa M. Alcott public survive the shock.



This hasn't happened, however. The film that has evolved is a hazy affair, and I suspect the cutter's scissors have been snipping right and left. Many, I am sure, who don't know either play or book will find the picture meaningless or perhaps just insane. What were laughs in the play—those odd, unexpected farcical turns, with their gruesome undercurrents—go berserk here. The famous comment on the disappearance of Grandma ("I'll go and look for her someday") is played up as a big final line, yet it is sure to mystify many, since Grandma herself is scarcely seen throughout the movie. She's a mere shadow in the offing. Gene Tierney, as Ellie May minus the deformed lip, displays no undue animalism and, indeed, indicates quite a boulevard grace. There's broad, wholesome comedy, of a humble, rustic nature, in the cavortings of Sister Bessie (Marjorie Rambeau) and her Dude (William Tracy), especially in the town scenes, and their exuberant manhandling of civilization has its refreshing touches. The whole picture has a haphazard air about it and seems only vaguely held together by the interest that centres upon Jeeter and Ada Lester. Elizabeth Patterson's Ada is gaunt and starved enough, and Charley Grapewin's Jeeter approximates a type of corn-fed and corn-liquored old scamp not unusual in comedies of the farming country. I can imagine that it all may just seem a conventional, folksy comic strip, with rather more expensive photography than the average, to many people who have never heard of Erskine Caldwell and his "Tobacco Road." Surely, what we really see on the screen is merely an arrangement of excerpts from what was originally fashioned.

OUR constant moviegoers are ever on the watch for an Alfred Hitchcock, and they must suffer too when they see his "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," for this is as commonplace a film as one may find anywhere. It's comedy devised for the perfunctory activities of Robert Montgomery and Carole Lombard, making use of their more obvious and thoroughly familiar tricks and their roguish byplay. As a married couple who find that, because of some legal quirk, they aren't married, and who aren't sure that they want to remarry, and who go through a lot of wooing and rewooing, with a rowdy climax among the skiers of Lake Placid, they suggest that they never paid any attention whatever to poor Mr. Hitchcock and his peculiar English notions.

HAPPY ENDING: Life's not all gloom, after all. Hedy Lamarr and James Stewart manage to be rather funny, for instance, in "Come Live with Me," a picture about a beautiful refugee who pays a Greenwich Village writer the exorbitant amount of $17.80 a week to be her husband. . . . Preston Sturges, writer and director, now saves the day with "The Lady Eve," another of his one-man compositions, and a very lively piece, too. As breezy and plausible a gang of cardsharps as we've seen yet, including one insidious siren (Barbara Stanwyck), corner the goodhearted rich boob (Henry Fonda) on a boat and put him through his, or rather their, paces. Sometimes the sketch gets off the smooth track it belongs on and runs into plain buffoonery, and sometimes Mr. Sturges isn't entirely polite, but he never loses his spirit and the result's a film that's sly, fast, and absurd.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

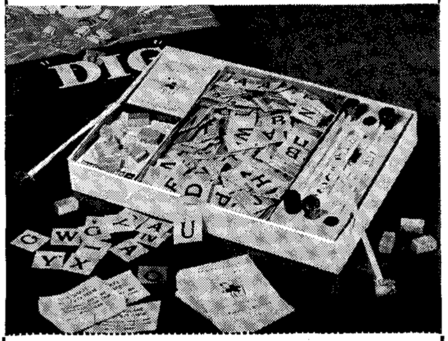
Thomas B. Simpson, Edinburgh lawyer, was best mon for Mr. Thompson.—*The Times.*

That's the *Times* for you—always entering into the spirit of the thing.

DIG
WHOOP-E-E

DIG—THE EXCITING NEW GAME THAT'S SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

Dinners grow cold, beds are unslept-in while America spurns all for DIG. It's a new game by Parker Brothers—one of the best they ever got out. Two to twelve can play it and its easy to learn. You've never played a game like it—nor one that can get a group so tense, excited and hilarious. You play DIG with a mystery pick that picks up winning words like magic, wins you fun and fortune—piles of "gold" bars. It's fascinating for old and young and is guaranteed to turn the dullest evening into a riot of fun. DIG for 2 to 6 players, $1.00; for 2 to 12 players, $2.00.



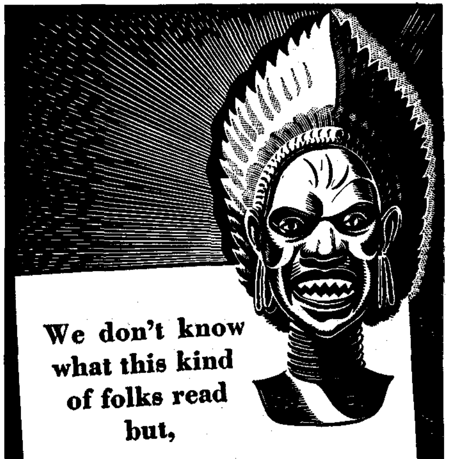
F. A. O. SCHWARZ 745 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me .... Sets of "DIG" at ☐ $1.00 ☐ $2.00

Name..........

Address..........

☐ Charge ☐ Check ☐ Money Order



We don't know what this kind of folks read but,

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND READ THE

Atlantic

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

BOOKS

The World of du Gard

IF intelligence is the word for Jules Romains, integrity is the word for Roger Martin du Gard. The two men between them exemplify the finest qualities of the contemporary French novel, and those who follow its course cannot risk ignorance of either. There are many—your correspondent does not happen to be one, but no matter—who rank du Gard above Romains and would, indeed, place him among the three or four greatest living novelists. However one estimates du Gard's stature, there will be few readers to disagree with his own comment, made when, in 1937, the Swedish Academy awarded him the Nobel Prize. He told the members of the Academy that he presumed they wished to reward "an independent writer who had escaped the fascination of partisan ideologies, an investigator as objective as is humanly possible, as well as a novelist striving to express the tragic quality of individual lives."

In 1939 there was published in this country "The Thibaults," a book containing rather less than half of his Thibault series. Now, bearing the title "Summer 1914," the remainder is available in another book. The entire series, under the general heading "The World of the Thibaults," thus appears in two thick volumes, equivalent to eleven in the original French. Those who have not read "The Thibaults" may find "Summer 1914" somewhat puzzling. It is advisable to tackle the whole job or not tackle it at all. That means a total of 1,879 pages, but they are 1,879 pages that offer you a solid, almost a tangible, experience. They are pages for grownups.

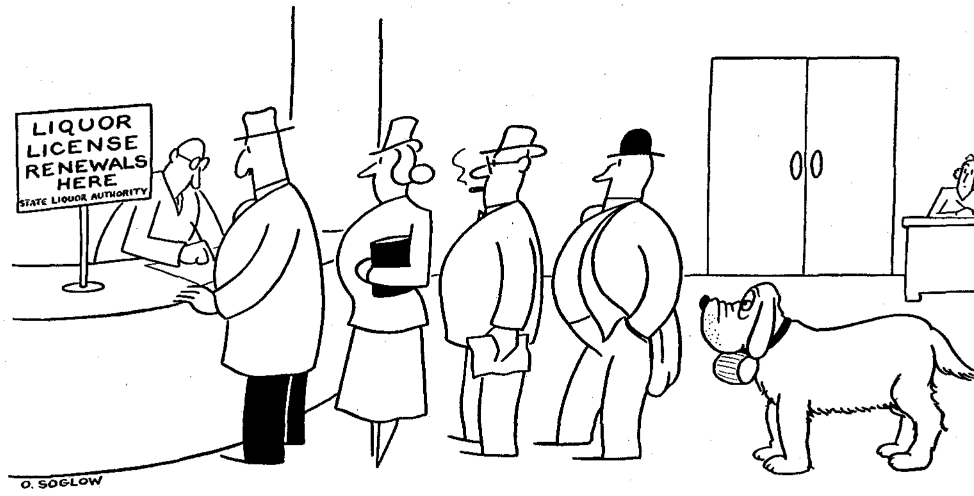
People, by the way, who feel that they would like more information about du Gard before embarking on those 1,879 pages may be interested to know that the Viking Press (his publisher) and doubtless your neighborhood bookstore can supply you with a twenty-three-page critical estimate of du Gard by Howard C. Rice of Harvard University. Mr. Rice discusses du Gard and his Thibaults with such sympathy, thoroughness, and brilliance as to render quite unnecessary the few words that follow here. However, his pamphlet will set you back a quarter.

"The World of the Thibaults" forms a massive picture of the French bourgeoisie in its pre-first-World-War manifestations. The volume published in 1939 introduced us to old Oscar Thibault, quintessence of the puritanical, individualist, tyrannical, "philanthropic" upper-middle-class Frenchman whose roots lay in the nineteenth century. He has two sons, Antoine and Jacques. Each inherits something of the force of the elder Thibault, but not his whole-souled egoism. The symbolism is clear: in Antoine and Jacques the cracks and strains of the bourgeois system begin to show themselves. Antoine becomes a doctor and a scientist, the Goethean man believing only in action and experience. Jacques is the rebel who leaves home and begins to envisage his whole life as an assault on his father's social and moral values.

As "Summer 1914" opens, we see Jacques in Geneva, deeply involved with a group of international revolutionaries, some of whom are conspiring to avert the imminent European war, some of whom are planning to use it as a steppingstone to a general social overturn. Jacques is not a true revolutionary but rather a flaming humanitarian for whom socialism is a religious gospel. His views are widely at variance with those of Antoine, who, though sadly troubled by the exploitation and misery he sees around him, has no solution except to trust "the leaders." Antoine retreats into his comfortable laboratory or finds escape in a feverish erotic life. Jacques deceives himself into a belief that fiery café-table programs and conspiratorial activities in behalf of the International are the keys to a happy world future. The war comes. Both men fail. Jacques, in a frenzied gesture recalling the magnificent suicide flight of the anti-Fascist poet-aviator Lauro de Bosis, flies over the lines in August, 1914, dropping peace pamphlets, and is unwittingly killed by one of his own countrymen. Antoine, gassed, dies a horrible, lingering death, every detail of which he notes in his diary. This diary, or epilogue, forming the concluding section of "Summer 1914," is by far the most powerful piece of writing in the entire series.

The movement of "Summer 1914" is slow, sometimes annoyingly slow. While Jacques and Antoine (and the women they love) are the characters on whom the plot depends, the author is less interested in them than in painting a truly gigantic picture of France and, by implication, Europe on the eve of the war. This involves a great deal of political discussion, portraits of Jaurès and other leaders, and descriptions of the Brussels Congress, which was supposed to head off the war. It also involves a minute tracing of the complex diplomatic maneuvers of the late summer of that year. Du Gard's interpretation is that of the revisionist school. He believes in the theory of divided guilt. While not absolving Germany, he certainly does not place the blame squarely on her shoulders. If there is a single villain, it is Russia, but it would be more accurate to say that he blames European capitalism in general, a capitalism too blind to control itself but too strong to be curbed by the growing yet futile strength of labor. "Summer 1914" might be subtitled "The Tragedy and Death of the Second International."

Much of all this has been the subject of innumerable histories and essays. I cannot feel that du Gard completely succeeds in animating it. He is exquisitely just and painstakingly detailed, but it is when he is most just and most detailed



that he somehow ceases to be a novelist. In "The Thibaults" the emphasis was all on individuals and their relation to society; in "Summer 1914" society itself almost usurps the canvas. For me, there is a certain loss of power and originality.

But when du Gard concentrates he approaches magnificence: in his study of the Fontanin family, in his agonizingly perceptive account of the love between Anne and Antoine, in his heartbreaking record of the slow decay of the mind and body of Antoine.

As a whole, "The World of the Thibaults" is unquestionably an impressive work. That world is now dead, its final hours having lasted from 1918 to 1939. (Du Gard himself, I understand, lives now not in Paris but in Italian-occupied Nice.) Someone had to write its epitaph, and for that epitaph to be clear it was necessary to go back to the roots of the Thibault world in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. This was du Gard's task, to which he has now devoted two decades of his life. The task, one presenting almost insuperable difficulties, has been completed with honor.

The translation, by Stuart Gilbert, seems dignified, easy, and pure. Du Gard is not a great stylist; he writes rather conservatively, even traditionally. His value lies not in the originality of his prose but in the honesty and integrity of his social viewpoint. He is less clever than Romains (and to my mind less interesting and far less various). Still, his work has a certain solidity that some prefer to brilliance. You may not read him with absorption; you will read him with respect. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

JUST now, from all accounts, an underground religious revival is going on in America. Coincidentally with this, crowds of people are demanding, in bookstores, the poetry of John Donne. This interest among people who would not ordinarily care for poetry was touched off by the title, taken from Donne, of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." All sorts of speculations are brought to mind by these facts. It is brought out anew to what a degree literature, and particularly poetry, is asked nowadays to take up the religious slack, or even to bear the religious weight. One is prodded to ask if Americans, sick of evangelicalism of all kinds, are ready for a religion complete with pomp, rhetoric, and death wish—the baroque religion which appears in full fig in Donne's later style and was preached by him in just those years when the Puritans were set-

"Almost incredible, and a blissful escape . . . that sense of Mid-Pacific ecstasy pervades the book."
— LEWIS GANNETT

Born in Paradise

By ARMINE VON TEMPSKI

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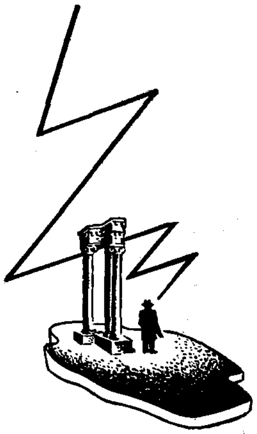

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tling in Plymouth; the religion, in fact, which they took ship to get away from.

The present popular interest in Donne again proves that it takes years for a literary influence to penetrate to a large section of the population. For of course the influence of Donne, on the creative level, has long since been absorbed and even reacted against. Pound and Eliot had chosen Donne, and the baroque Jacobean setup generally, as a sort of modern catalyst before 1920. Further adaptations of Donne's religio-erotic manner were made, in a gloomy way, in England and America right through the thirties. Twenty years after Eliot's early work had appeared, the younger generation of English writers rebelled against this influence in his later works, for they had noticed that the early Eliot had also been concerned with matters of everyday life: the smell of frying steaks, the sight of old newspapers, cab horses, and waiters in restaurants. They remarked the attempts he had made (in "Sweeney Agonistes," etc.) to bring the accent of actual, vulgar speech back into poetry, and how he had fought against the devitalized tradition of Victorian verse. But they began to turn against the later tradition of Eliot. It is no easy task at any time to cross the "popular" with the classic manner and matter. But that this task must be periodically performed is shown throughout the history of literature. The canned, the academic, and the snobbish must go.

All this is a preamble to the "Poems, 1925-1940" of Louis MacNeice. In his short and (as compared to some modern vaporings prefacing collections of this kind) extremely sensible preface, MacNeice directly asks his readers "not to be snobs." "I write poetry," he goes on, "not because it is smart to be a poet, but because I enjoy it . . . and also because it is my road to freedom and knowledge." MacNeice has broken out of the rhetorical cage, shattering at once the pervasive noble voice of the academies and the pervasive gloomy voice of post-First World War verse. His poetry is always fresh and varied. He has taken from popular forms what he needs without becoming rigidly attached to them. For the two lines, classic and popular, must intersect, not cancel each other out. MacNeice's ear is perfect and his eye humorous and sharp. Lacking allegiance to this school or that, he can experiment, laugh, and glance about, and without constricting reverences write a travelogue, a philosophical meditation, a brisk song, a searing ballade in the Villon tradition, or a lullaby. He has his failures

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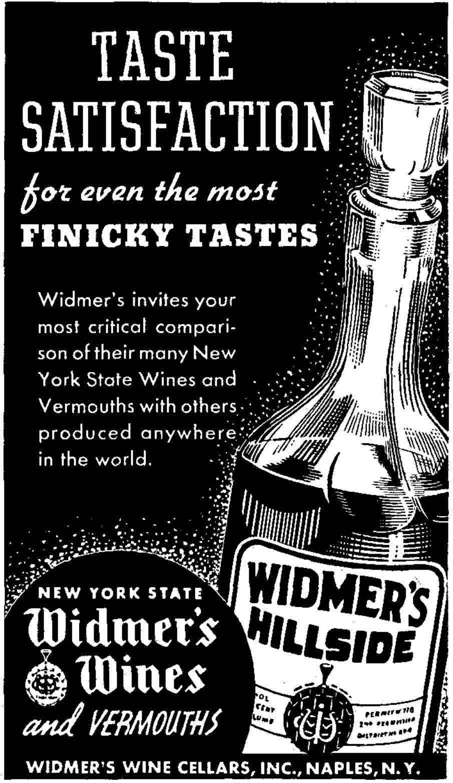

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and his successes, and he generously includes both. He has proved, as Auden has proved, that the method of exploring the modern world should be an unabashed one; the poet must not be frightened. In the year which has brought about a popular revival of death-obsessed Donne, those who genuinely care about living poetry could perform no more healthy action than to buy MacNeice and read him, without any particular reverence, from cover to cover.

THE very best of the Eliot influence, as it has developed in America, is apparent in the "Selected Poems" of John Peale Bishop. Mr. Bishop is a technician of the first order and is incapable of falling into any kind of mawkishness or sentimentality. The poem which opens the book, "Speaking of Poetry," is one of the most exquisite and imaginative expositions of poetry's task and position ever formulated. Bishop's taste and feeling are always unimpeachable; he appeals, as his publisher says, at once to the senses and the intellect. His translations, from the Greek Anthology through Rimbaud, are profound evocations of the originals. His one drawback is that his tone never varies. It approximates at times the stiffness of a code of manners which it would be unthinkable to break. How this code can be broken has been described above, and in my opinion it is a code which must be broken so that the poetry of the future—probably complex, tense, conscious beyond anything we now know—can come through and get written.

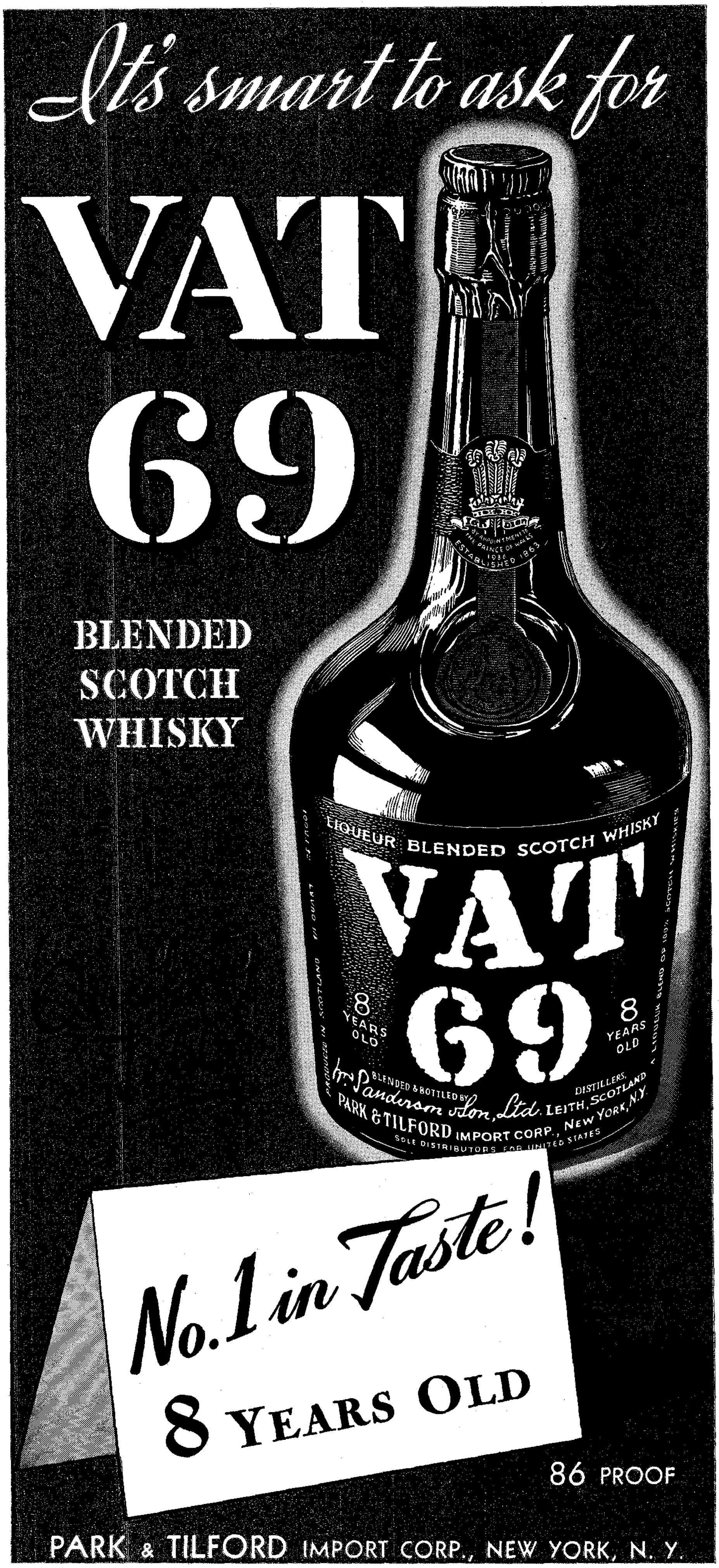
E. E. CUMMINGS' new book, "50 Poems," is unfortunately irrevocably stuck in the past. It adds nothing to what we know of Cummings; it is tender, as he always has been, and rough and tough, as he has always wished to be. It is also very malicious, not always in an open way. As one reads some of the cryptic slugs at the world and Mr. Cummings' contemporaries, the remark made by Mallarmé when pressed for explanations comes to mind. "*Cherchez*," Mallarmé said, "*et à la fin vous trouverez une pornographie. Ça sera votre récompense!*" It is often the only recompense offered by Mr. Cummings.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CHEERFULNESS BREAKS IN, by Angela Thirkell. If Mrs. Thirkell were not funny, her novel of England in wartime and the inevitable stiff upper lip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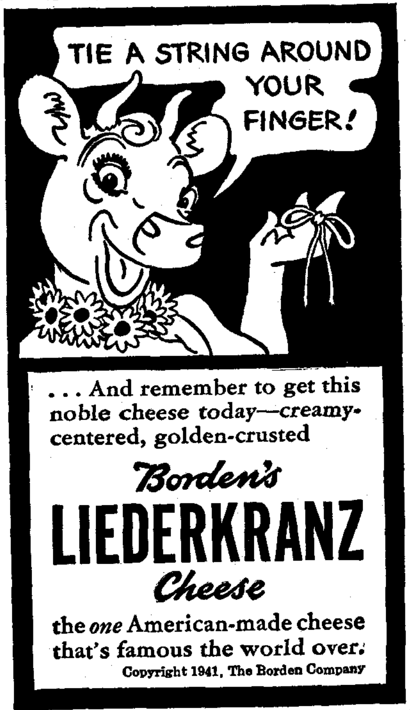

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would be just another novel of England in wartime, etc. As it is, between noble gestures, her characters, her readers, and probably she herself all have a good laugh. The story begins with the marriage of Rose, the beautiful, rather kindhearted, and not quite bright daughter of the headmaster of Southbridge School, and ends on a much sterner note after the evacuation of Dunkerque. There are several likable love affairs, lots of war work, and plenty of humor.

LEST DARKNESS FALL, by L. Sprague de Camp. An entertaining "escape" novel. It concerns an archeologist who stops a bolt of lightning in the piazza of the Pantheon in present-day Rome and finds himself back in the sixth century. After he gets used to the queer costumes and the absence of progress, he settles down (a) to make a living by the invention of brandy and the printing press and (b) to change the course of history and avert the Dark Ages. Good fun.

FAR FROM HOME, by R. H. Newman. Ruminations of a young American ambulance-driver in the Finnish war and during the invasion of France. Since Mr. Newman was an ambulance-driver himself, there is doubtless a good deal of fact mixed up with his fiction. His love scenes, however, are straight out of Mr. Hemingway, who does that sort of thing better. Many of Mr. Newman's episodes, though, are affecting and shatteringly real.

HILTON HEAD, by Josephine Pinckney. The life story of a young doctor in Barbados and the newly established colony of Carolina. Time: 1663-86. Many persons and events of the book are based on historical records, but Miss Pinckney admits that she has invented when necessary. On the whole, a routine job, though readable. Illustrated.

MISS HARGREAVES, by Frank Baker. A couple of young men on a holiday amuse themselves by conversing about an imaginary old lady. When they get home, there she is, complete with her parakeet, harp, and bathtub. Mr. Baker develops his bizarre situation with imagination and wit.

GENERAL

AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY, 1933-1938, edited by William E. Dodd, Jr., and Martha Dodd. What our late Ambassador to Berlin, William E. Dodd, didn't always cable to the State Department. A Wilsonian liberal and student of German history, the author apparently suffered from

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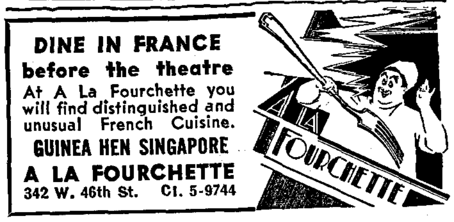
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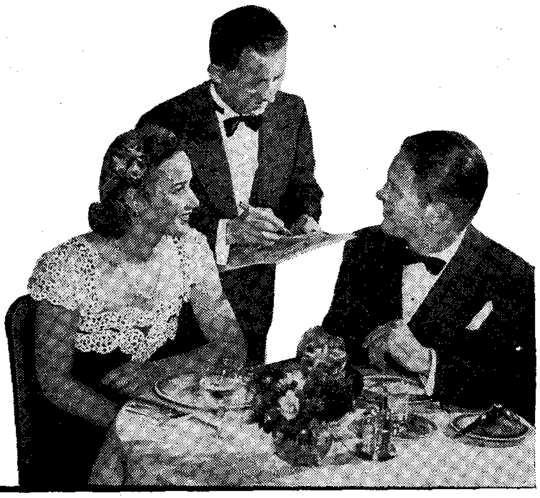
incredulity at first in the presence of the Nazis but caught on splendidly later. He called the turn, well in advance, on the Russian pact, the annexation of Poland, the war, and so forth. Some rather blunt notes about members of our diplomatic corps; appraisals of the Nazi leaders (often revised, but never upward); impressions of visitors, from Ivy Lee to Manuel Quezon; and a gradually accumulating sense that his mission was futile, that democracy must maintain its faith at home. An important and engrossing work on an important subject. Introduction by Charles A. Beard.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, by Holman Hamilton. A gallant but neglected old war horse of the early Republic gets his due in this first book of a projected two-volume biography. The current installment, which is a complete book in its own right, traces General Taylor's career in homespun, contemporary detail from his beginnings in a comfortable Kentucky frontier family to the end of the Mexican War. Takes in much of our military history from the War of 1812 to Santa Anna's defeat. An excellent job, easy to read and exhaustively annotated. Introduction by Claude G. Bowers. Maps and photographs.

THE COMMON SENSE OF WAR AND PEACE, by H. G. Wells. In this pamphlet, Mr. Wells calls for a statement of war aims and presents his own: world revolution (peaceable), to be brought about by an international liberal party under the terms of a new "Declaration of the Rights of Man" (which is included in the book), and a system of international commissions—each empowered to control a specific function, such as air power, production, or transport—to be set up immediately after the armistice.

"ALL GAUL IS DIVIDED . . ." Anonymous. Another pamphlet, of evidently uncensored letters, from a family in the French Occupied Zone, giving a clear account of what has happened to French money, food, industry, and the rest under Nazi rule. Checks pretty well with Lars Moën's "Under the Iron Heel," which reports on the "friendly" technique of the Germans in Belgium. A good job, though the translation is full of odd little *gaffes*. Some of the letters have appeared in the *Herald Tribune*. Foreword by Elizabeth Morrow.

THE AMERICAN CAUSE, by Archibald MacLeish. Two essays, one a taut-



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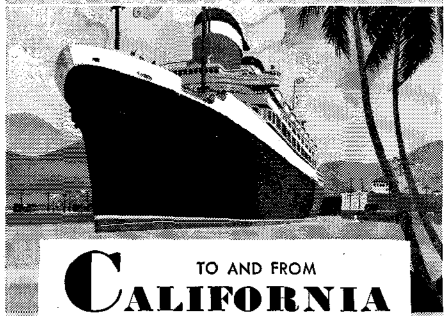

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ly eloquent reassertion of our democratic credo, the other an equally eloquent vindication of the artist's eternal usefulness in our society. The latter, an address delivered before the *Herald Tribune* Forum last year, seems to represent a movement away from Mr. MacLeish's position in "The Irresponsibles."

COME WIND, COME WEATHER, by Daphne du Maurier. In still another pamphlet, the author of "Rebecca" gives us eight homiletic true stories about ordinary British men and women in the war who learned how to be practical Christians, plus a Finnish example and a Latvian one. Well written, but the Oxford-movement tone may be too much for you.

JOHN KIERAN'S NATURE NOTES. Birds, beasts, and flowers, pleasantly described by a well-known amateur naturalist and neatly sketched in two colors by Fritz Kredel.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SPEAK NO EVIL, by Mignon G. Eberhart. A couple of shootings in a group of expensive and unhappy Americans in Jamaica. This first-rate authoress takes rather too long in dealing with them. The characters are all very well, but the timing is bad and the story is padded. Distinguished by the lack of horror which usually prevails in Eberhart books.

KEEP MURDER QUIET, by Selwyn Jepson. Mr. Jepson starts you out in London with an apparently motiveless murder in the Underground, and anyone who can take you away from this story before the murdered man's son finds the motive will have to be strong. Unusual in plot, excellently written, and completely convincing, this is a good book.

NO MURDER OF MINE, by Alice Campbell. An American girl borrows a cottage in England and arrives to find that an unpleasant-looking elderly man has most inopportunely and bloodily expired in the parlor. The characters are nicely unorthodox and the plot is right enough, but watch out for the international intrigue.

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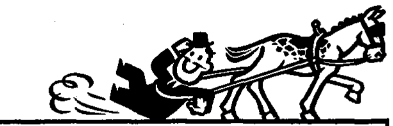

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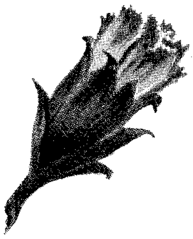
256 taste buds*  *will bloom when you*

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